

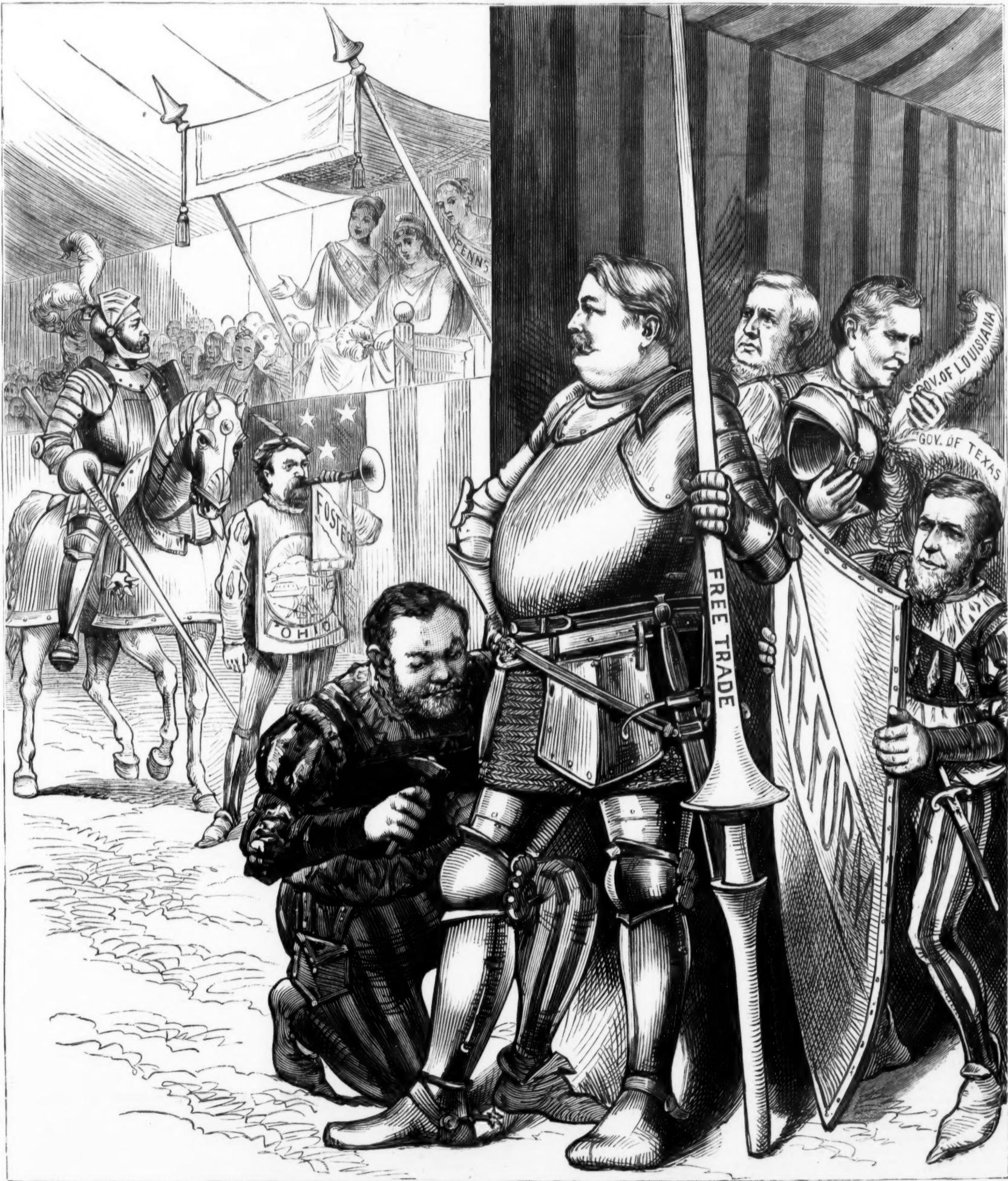
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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PREPARING TO ENTER THE LISTS FOR THE PRESIDENTIAL JOUST.

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NOTICE.

FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLISHING HOUSE,
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Under the assignment, and with the assent of Mrs. Miriam F. Leslie, the widow of Frank Leslie, and his sole legatee under his will, the publications of the House will be continued as heretofore under the management of the undersigned.

All communications should be addressed to 57 Park Place, or to P. O. Box 4121, New York City, N. Y.

I. W. ENGLAND, Assignee.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL ISSUE.

IT is a just remark of Dr. Von Holst, in his "Constitutional and Political History of the United States," that Calhoun and his disciples were not the authors of the doctrines and tendencies which finally culminated in nullification and secession. "The States' Rights question," he adds, "is as old as the Constitution itself, and has always been a living one, even when it has not been one of life and death." Sometimes this question of "life and death" has been precipitated on the country by the encroachments of the Federal Government on the rights of the States, as under the administration of John Adams, when the Alien and Sedition laws provoked a great popular reaction, and as under the Administration of General Grant, when State Legislatures were organized in Louisiana and South Carolina at the will and pleasure of the Federal Executive. Sometimes this question of "life and death" has been precipitated by the encroachments of the States on the just prerogatives of the Federal Government, as in the days of the Hartford Convention, of South Carolina nullification in 1832, and of the secession revolt in the year 1860. And in the intervals between these grand crises, the question raised concerning the comparative rights of the States and of the Federal Government under our compound polity has still been a living one, giving shape and direction to the organization of parties, and determining, in part at least, the nature of the issues on which they have divided.

Happily for the country this question of secular controversy in our political annals is not one of "life and death" to day, but none the less is it a living one in the elements of party formation, in the dialect of political discussion and in the divergent drift of public opinion on measures of special legislation and of general public policy. We need but glance at the two platforms erected respectively by the Republican and Democratic parties as recently assembled in national convention, in order to discern in them the traces of this perennial conflict. In the Republican Platform we read as follows:

"The Constitution of the United States is a supreme law, and not a mere contract; out of confederated States it made a sovereign nation. Some powers are denied to the nation, while others are denied to the States; but the boundary between the powers delegated and those reserved is to be determined by the national, and not by the State, tribunals."

In the Democratic Platform this declaration is met by a counter-declaration pledging:

"Opposition to centralization, and that dangerous spirit of encroachment which tends to consolidate the powers of all departments in one, and thus to create, whatever be the form of government, a real despotism."

Each of these declarations, separately considered, contains nothing to which a just and candid criticism can object, but, on a comparative view, they reveal the contrary tendencies and the conflicting predilections of the two historical parties which are in presence of each other before the American people to day. It is entirely true, as the Republican Platform affirms, that "the Constitution of the United States is a supreme law, and not a mere contract"; that out of "confederated States" it has made "a sovereign nation" for the purposes specified in the Constitution; and that the boundary line between the disputed jurisdictions of the State and of the Federal Governments is to be "determined by the national, and not by the State, tribunals"—at least until three-fourths of the States shall counteract the decision of a national tribunal by an amendment to the Constitution, as they did in the celebrated case of *Chisholm vs. the State of Georgia*. But it is equally true, as the Democratic Platform affirms, that "opposition to centralization" is among the political duties of the American citizen, for if there be danger in the centrifugal tendencies of an exaggerated self-assertion on the part of the States, there is also danger in the "spirit of encroachment, which tends to consolidate the powers of all departments in one, and thus to create, whatever be the forms of government, a real despotism."

No candid Democrat will to-day deny that in the year 1860 it was the first and highest duty of the American citizen to re-

sist the encroachments of the States on the lawful prerogatives of the Federal Government. No candid Republican will to-day deny that under the Administration of President Johnson, and especially at the crisis of his attempted impeachment, it was the first and highest duty of the American citizen to resist the encroachments of a Republican Congress on the rights of the States and on the rights vested by the Constitution in the co-ordinate departments of the Government. The political tendencies respectively represented under this head by each of the great parties of the country are equally wholesome if kept within the limits of reason and law, and equally perilous if allowed, under the stress of party passion, to transgress the boundaries prescribed by moderation and justice. And the duty of a good citizen, at any given period in our political history, so far as this constitutional issue is concerned, must be ascertained by marking the signs of the times. If there are portents of danger from an exaggeration of "State Rights," so called, he should set his face like a flint against the party from which such danger proceeds. If there are portents of danger from an exaggerated centralism, he should set his face like a flint against the party from which that peril proceeds. If there be no crisis in either direction, and if the question be a living one only because it is permanently rooted in the fundamental structure of our institutions, he may decide his present political affiliations according to what he deems the preponderance of public policy in the matter of other questions which must needs come to the front as soon as this overwhelming issue has been placed in abeyance by some accepted equipoise of the forces embodied in our composite polity.

In order to perceive how much of this conflict is sometimes factious and how much of it is real, we have but to note the remarkable fact that the party in power always tends to exalt the prerogatives of the Federal Government, and the party in opposition always tends to exalt the rights of the States. The Democratic Party, though nominally "a State Rights Party," was extreme at the height of its predominance in the assertion of Federal prerogatives for the protection of slavery, and the Republican Party, before its accession to power, was fluent in the championship of "State Rights"—even giving them a prominent place in its platform of the year 1860. But since that date the Republicans, partly from the force of circumstances and partly from the natural drift of opinion, have been the exemplars of Federal prerogative in its extreme forms, until, in the end, they so far roused the conservative spirit of the country that even such an eminent Republican as our present enlightened Secretary of State did not hesitate to preside over a public meeting called in this city for the purpose of rebuking the centralizing tendencies of the Grant Administration, as illustrated in the organization of the Louisiana Legislature at the point of the bayonet.

And each of the two parties is swift to change sides on this question at the impulse of party necessity or at the promise of party advantage. The Republicans in Congress did not hesitate to espouse the doctrine of "State rights" in its boldest form when, in counting the Presidential ballots cast in the Electoral College of 1876, they denied to Congress the right of going "behind the returns" even for the purpose of correcting a return which had been pronounced invalid by the Supreme Court of Florida. And now that a Democratic majority prevails in both Houses of Congress, we may be sure that they will exercise the full prerogatives of Congress in counting the electoral ballot cast for the next President and Vice-President of the United States, as was done by the Republicans in the days of their supremacy. When the necessities of party and the ambiguities of political discussion are seen to land the adherents of the same organization sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other of the same dividing line, it is obvious that the intelligent voter cannot safely surrender his opinions under this head to the control of either Republican or Democratic managers, but must make for himself the wise choice dictated by the emergencies of each living issue as it rises to the surface of public discussion. For this never-ending question of constitutional limitations is a question in which each party is sometimes right and sometimes wrong. It is the source, and the proximity of the peril arising from that source, that must decide the attitude of the citizen in each Presidential contest.

OUR GOLD AND SILVER MINING INTERESTS.

THAT investments in gold and silver mining stocks in this country are regarded by many persons as so dangerous as to be avoided under any and all circumstances is a fact that requires no demonstration. The heavy men of Wall Street, who, without a second thought, would include coal stocks among their collaterals

for a loan, would not jeopardize their credit by including among the securities offered by them a single share of stock of the best and most secure dividend-paying gold or silver mine in the country.

That this feeling of distrust in mining securities in general is alike illogical, unjust and unwise, is easily demonstrable. A cursory retrospect of what has been done in this country during the very limited period of, say, the last thirty years, will convince the greatest skeptic that, directly and indirectly, the development of our gold and silver mines has exercised a more potent influence in populating and building up all of this country west of the Missouri River than any other factor could possibly have done.

When gold was discovered on the late General Sutter's farm, in 1848, people rushed to the newly-acquired territory of California from every section of what then practically comprised this country. No hazards were sufficient to stay the migration. The placer gold mines of California peopled the then territory, and, but for those diggings, the prosperous Eureka State of to-day would be but a cattle-grazing ranch. In time, as the placers gave out and capital became indispensable for large mining enterprises, the miners turned their attention to agriculture, and were agreeably surprised to find land whose richness is unsurpassed in any part of the earth's surface. Up to 1855 California imported all her cereals.

As in the course of time the placer mines of California ceased to offer a remunerative field to the miners, many of these hardy pioneers struck out in search of fresh fields of mineral industry, and successfully discovered and commenced to develop the boundless mineral veins and deposits of Nevada, Idaho, Montana, Dakota, Utah, Arizona, Colorado and New Mexico. The mineral wealth of that section of the continent first drew the people to it. It kept them there. It built up our marvelous system of trans-continental railroads. It converted sterile deserts into blooming farms, and has within a limited space of thirty years settled thirty millions of human beings, with all their wants and all their producing capabilities, in a section of country that, but for the gold and silver discovered in it, would, possibly for centuries, certainly for scores of years, have remained, if not a barren waste, at best a cattle-grazing region of not the most desirable conditions.

Apart, however, from the indirect benefits which have accrued to every industry in this country by the development of our gold and silver mines, the yield of bullion itself has "made all the world wonder" and promises, in the near future, to surpass in value that of any other of our industries, agricultural or mineral.

What has been done in the way of extracting gold from the placers and quartz veins of California, or the \$300,000,000 of bullion from the veins of the world-renowned Comstock lode, are but as drops of water in the ocean compared to the boundless and absolutely incalculable wealth lying in the hills and gulches of the as yet comparatively virgin fields of our Western and Southwestern States and Territories. The State of Colorado and the Territories of Utah, Arizona and New Mexico on the southwest, and of Idaho, Montana and Dakota on the northwest, bid fair to surpass in their yield of gold and silver even the astounding wealth extracted from the soil of California and Nevada.

The mineral riches of these districts is to-day populating them as California was populated in 1850 and Nevada in 1859. Railroads are stretching out their lines to-day almost exclusively to mineral sections of the country, and all the benefits of civilization follow close upon the trail of the iron horse. In fact, the history of California and Nevada is repeating itself in the North, West and Southwest to the letter.

That we owe the unrivaled increase of our wealth and prosperity during the last thirty years in a very great degree to the development of our mineral resources is unquestionable. The causes, not always irrational, which induce many to avoid investments in stocks of gold and silver mines, and which tend to disparage this, one of our most valuable industries, will be discussed in a future article.

SUMMER RECREATIONS.

IN such a climate as ours the science of living becomes a much more complicated matter than in more fortunate countries, which possess meteorological conditions that can be depended upon. But the American climate is the climate of extremes. In the Winter we are subjected to the rigors of the most nipping, freezing cold, and the whole duty of man is to know how to keep warm. In the Summer we are suddenly projected into the temperature of the tropics, and the one sole study of our lives becomes the question of how to keep cool. These sudden plunges of the thermometer bring about a whole series of new physical and mental ills to which the American has fallen heir. Of all men, he is the most nervously organized—sensitive, suscepti-

ble, restless, variable. Physically, he is more acutely sensitive to cold than his European brother, and in Winter lives in houses heated to a temperature the Englishman or German could not endure. In Summer, having had no preparation for the sudden leap of the weather from the severe cold of our late Winter to the ardent heat of our intensely hot July and August, he falls a prey to sunstrokes and other Summer fatalities that an Italian never knows. Under such climatic conditions, the true problem of life becomes a hygienic one, and the wise American is he who works this problem out. It is, at least, possible of solution.

The true secret of bodily health for an American is to be found in suiting the occupations and method of his life to the season. In the Winter there should be work and plenty of athletic exercise if he can secure it. In Summer let him preach himself a gospel of leisure, taking for a text the righteousness of the sin of laziness. Happy the man who can thus, in scientific phraseology, adapt himself to his environments. But in our eager, busy career there are, unfortunately, comparatively few who can make a study of how best to secure the highest pleasure and comforts of life. For most of us, it is a question whether we can live at all. But even those who work hardest could greatly add to their pleasure and secure an exemption from many of their physical ills by a little painstaking in the way of recreation and amusement.

A celebrated divine has told us that our amusements should be exactly opposite in their nature to our occupations. And this is sound wisdom. Of all men, the American needs most such amusements as shall bring into play none of the faculties which have been strained during the long day's work. And this is especially the season for applying the remedy. The harder a man works during days of torrid heat, the more he should seek either such amusement, diversion or recreation as shall be of a light, restful peaceful nature.

Nature herself is the best, the healthful-est, and least tiresome of all the forms of Summer recreation. An hour's stroll over green fields; an evening spent in breathing the wholesome sea-breeze; an afternoon given up to lolling under green trees in the rich, fragrant grass, or along the sands of the ocean—it is such recreations as these that make the heated season endurable and give some play of variety to the dull Summer life.

Almost all of our larger cities afford ample facilities for such excursions. As for the time they take, an hour or two stolen from the heavy sleep of torpor in close, ill-ventilated rooms is just so much gained in the added strength and health breathed in with the fresh, invigorating breezes of the open country or the ocean shore.

A REMINISCENCE.

THE recent imprisonment of Mr. Bradlaugh by the Speaker of the House of Commons recalls a case which happened some years ago. The facts are briefly these: A well-known member of the *demi-monde*, of great beauty and conversational charms, Harriet Wilson, who had been on terms of intimacy with many persons of distinction, published her memoirs, in which she made many revelations which were considered by the Anthony Comstock of that day, Sir Andrew Agnew—a Scotch member of the House of Commons—as highly injurious to good morals. As there had been several volumes of a similar class published about that time, the Scotch moralist moved for a committee of the House to inquire into immoral publications. When the committee printed the result of its labors, Mr. Stockdale, the publisher of Harriet Wilson's memoirs, commenced an action for libel against Luke Hansard, the Printer of the House of Commons. Hansard applied to the Speaker of the House for instructions. He was told not to notice the affair at all. The case was tried before Lord Campbell, the Chief-Justice, and by his ruling the jury found a verdict in favor of Stockdale, assessing the damages at £2,000. Luke Hansard again applied to the Speaker of the House of Commons for further instructions. He was told to disregard the verdict, and not to pay the money. Thus the House and the law were in conflict. Chief-Justice Campbell then issued a warrant for the arrest of Hansard for contempt of court. This, of course, was given to the High-Sheriff of London to enforce; he consequently arrested Hansard, and imprisoned him in Newgate. Thereupon the Speaker of the House of Commons issued his warrant for the arrest of the Sheriff. He was accordingly taken to the lock-up room of the House. Thus the Lord Chief-Justice imprisoned the printer for obeying the House of Commons, and the House of Commons imprisoned the Sheriff for obeying the law. As Sir Lucius O'Trigger says, "It was a very pretty quarrel."

Public opinion was much divided. The adherents of the Commons maintained that the Commons were above all law—that they could depose their sovereign—indeed, that they were omnipotent. Their opponents argued that they were only a part of the nation, and could not override the law unless they had the concurrence of the Lords and the Crown. Party spirit ran high. The leaders of both parties in the House for once agreed and decided that the Commons were supreme.

Lord Palmerston said, in very powerful

speech, that the history of the past demonstrated the supremacy of the Commons. They were the people of England, and not a coordinate branch of the Constitution. Did the Commons of England, under the leadership of Cromwell, ask the consent of the Peers and that of the Crown when they tried and executed Charles I.?

Meanwhile there was the curious spectacle of Luke Hansard in prison for obeying the Speaker, and the Sheriff was in prison for obeying the Lord Chief-Justice. Neither party would give way. This dead-lock lasted for over three months, when Parliament was prorogued. This restored liberty to the Sheriff, and the Lord Chief-Justice then ordered the release of Hansard, but the judgment was never paid, and the law and equity of the case are still unsettled.

FOREIGN POLITICS.

IT is a curious and noteworthy fact that, even in this second last decade of the nineteenth century, when religious intolerance is rooted at as a relic of barbarism, almost every great nation in Europe is more or less disturbed by religious strife. In England the Burials Bill, the Bill for legalizing a marriage with a deceased wife's sister, and the probable action of the Roman Catholic and Nonconformist parties in attempting to disestablish the English Church, are all bones of contention. In France the expulsion of the Jesuits has caused much bitterness of feeling. In Germany the fight between Prince Bismarck and the Pope still goes on. In Belgium the anti-Ultramontanists are so strong that the Belgian Minister has been withdrawn from Rome. In Italy the triumph of the Clerical Party in Rome has made a new complication. In Turkey the differences of creeds promise to disturb the peace of Europe. The present position in Turkey is a most difficult one not only for diplomats to deal with, but even for foreigners to understand. Albania and Montenegro, although at times recognizing a suzerainty of the Sultan, are practically free and independent States. They have all the instincts of predatory tribes, and, like the old Highlanders, are divided up into innumerable clans. As these clans are mostly at enmity with each other, either from some life-feud or from a difference in religious belief, there is constant warfare, and an amalgamation of the Roman Catholic, Greek Church and Mahommedan Albanians seems almost impossible. When, then, the Supplementary Congress gave a portion of Albania to Montenegro every one recognized the absurdity of the decision of Count Costi, the Italian Ambassador, to whom the arrangement was left. In the case of the Greek frontier line, however, the concession was generally approved, probably from sentimental motives, such as induced Lord Byron and his friends to espouse the Hellenic cause. But a more close investigation of the nationality and feelings of the Epirote Albanians, who are to become Greek subjects according to the new boundary decision, is already making many thinking persons change their minds. The Greek-speaking population of Greece is very small. Up almost to the very gates of Athens the only language spoken or understood by the peasantry is the Albanian. An enormous pressure is constantly being brought upon the Hellenic frontier by the various Slav tribes, and the narrow belt inhabited by hardy Albanian mountaineers, between the Slavs and the Hellenes, has always been a protection to Greece against Slav aggression. But these very Albanians, or Arnaouts, who seemed to Lord Byron to be the "Scot of the South," are deeply imbued with the spirit of the past, and, although small in numbers, are remarkable for their martial prowess. Consequently, if Greece should propose, as is likely from the mobilization of her army, to lay violent hands upon the ceded territory, she will probably be obliged to fight both Turkey and the Epirote Albanians. Such an attempt might be successful, but her new subjects would never amalgamate with the conquerors, and she would deprive herself of the present line of guard for her frontier. Turkey's intentions are as yet unknown, and until the Porte takes some action the Powers who were present at Berlin cannot interfere. It can scarcely be doubted that a reopening of the Eastern question by war will certainly end in total destruction of the Turkish Empire in Europe; and this certainly could not be regarded as a public calamity. The latest reports are by no means pacific.

Since the Liberal ministry under the leadership of Mr. Gladstone has come into power, the policy of the Government has been a huge mass of mistakes. The Bartle Frere, Bradlaugh and Challemel-Lacour affairs are now too well-known to allude to further, but a few explanatory words regarding the various Government measures will not be uninteresting. In the first place the supplementary budget, a department in which Mr. Gladstone has always been considered *facile princeps*, has been shown to be a mixture of assumptions, probably baseless, and of injuries to trade and sound policy certainly possible if not inevitable. The Irish policy has raised up a host of enemies even among the stanchest supporters of the ministry, and the Marquis of Lansdowne, a large Irish land-owner, has resigned his office as Under-Secretary for India. It is now a famous maxim that "property has its obligations as well as its rights," but the communistic Bill which is before Parliament takes away all the rights of the landlord, and leaves him at the mercy of his tenant, who need not pay rent except it seems fit to him. Then the Hares and Rabbits Bill interferes with the free right of contract in a way which makes a lawyer's hair stand on end. These Bills are intended to cure undoubted evils, but they are so clumsily drawn that even many Liberals will be forced to vote against them.

It is almost certain that the Lords will throw them out when they come to the Upper House, and the Government, no doubt, hopes to place the odium of the rejection of these measures upon the *tho're aristocratic assembly*.

How little the French Republic is republican is daily becoming more and more evident. The total amnesty which passed the Assembly, after Gambetta's great speech, has been negatived by the Senate; and the reasons given for so doing are at all events weighty. The crimes for which many of the Communists were banished were by no means merely political offenses. The murders, incendiary fires and robberies of the Commune were deserving of condign punishment, and, although political outrages are often to be forgiven, there seems no just reason to pardon murderers and thieves merely because they were subsequently implicated in a political rising. The Senate was willing to grant an amnesty to all purely political outlaws, but wished to draw a line between them and criminals. The Bill was accordingly sent back to the Assembly, which body passed another, granting amnesty to all persons whom the Government should pardon before the 14th of July. As the Government intends to grant a general pardon, this Bill was, of course, of exactly the same effect as the former one. The Senate has therefore amended it, so as to exclude incendiaries and murderers condemned after trial, and in this shape it will go back to the Chamber of Deputies. A large part of the Press criticises very severely the conduct of a Government which, while pardoning the murderers of the good Archbishop of Paris, drives the Jesuits and many other religious communities out of France. That religious establishments, where instruction is provided for Roman Catholic children, should be closed according to the fancies of a Minister of Public Instruction, seems to many unjust, and contrary to the true spirit of republican institutions.

GOVERNOR MURRAY of Utah seems to be the right man in the right place. In a Fourth of July address at Salt Lake City, he told the Mormons that the laws of the country must be obeyed. "The country," he said, "is rich in timber for scaffolds for those who conspire to break down our Constitution and who violate our written laws."

SPRING of the dismal predictions of the early Spring, the Delaware peach crop promises to be an immense one. It is believed by some that it will surpass that of 1875, the great peach year; but more moderate estimates place the yield between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000 baskets. Even this will instill a bountiful supply, and the outlook is that the fruit will be good and cheap. It is now rapidly ripening and is in superb condition.

COMPLAINTS were last week filed against nine steamboats which were plying in the waters around New York without certificates, showing that they had been inspected by the officers of the Government as to the condition of their hulls and boilers and their carrying capacity. One of these steamers had been running for a year without any inspection. The owners or agents of every one of these vessels should be made to pay the heaviest penalties authorized by law.

THE Philadelphia *Record* claims that the census just taken will show that city to be the greatest manufacturing centre of the world. The value of manufactured products in that city is expected to reach a grand total of \$625,000,000 this year, and to this vast sum the textile manufacturers of Philadelphia and outlying districts will probably contribute more than \$150,000,000. It is estimated that the production in that city, this year, of woolens and cottons of the general table, will aggregate \$48,500,000; of carpets, \$23,000,000; of hosiery and knit goods, \$23,000,000; of worsted yarns, \$12,500,000, and of silks and mixed goods, \$7,000,000.

It is stated that the mammoth steamship *Great Eastern* is likely to again visit American waters. The persons who control her are anxious to employ her in the American cattle trade, and are in communication with the authorities of Texas with a view of ascertaining whether 20,000 head of cattle can be at once supplied at Galveston for the English market. The ship will carry that number each voyage, and the owners say they expect to make four voyages per year. The Texas papers are greatly excited over the prospect of having the monster ship employed in furthering the interests of their State, but they do not tell us whether she will be able, with her great draught, to reach either of their important ports.

NEW YORK city tax list for the year 1880, as returned to the Board of Aldermen, shows an increase in real and personal estate valuations of \$49,696,392. The increase in the valuation of real estate alone is \$24,437,310, which is mainly due to the appreciation of property in the upper portion of Manhattan Island during the past year, consequent upon the development of the elevated railway system, and the general revival of business activities. The increase in valuation of personal estate property has been \$25,259,082, and this is said to be largely due to the efforts of the Commissioners of Taxes and Assessments, who are determined, if possible, to compel corporations and individuals to pay the proper tax. The total valuation for 1880 is \$1,143,765,727.

THE cotton planters of the Mississippi Valley are thoroughly revolutionizing the system of Southern labor by the general introduction of

improved implements and cultivation. An organization formed a little over a year ago has brought about a system of co-operation, under which it is now proposed to arrange permanent series of interior State fairs and competitive trials for machinery, with a view of enlisting the energy and capital of the entire South in the promotion of the best processes and forms of material development. Facts like these are full of encouragement as to the future of the South, and, indeed, of the country. Where the people become really interested in the utilization of material resources and opportunities, the clamor and contentions of politicians cease to become a ground for alarm.

FIDELITY and efficiency in a public official are qualities so rare that when displayed they deserve cordial recognition. For this reason we refer in terms of commendation to the record of Mr. L. H. Cramer, the Saratoga receiver of taxes and assessments, who, taking office at a time of peculiar difficulty, when taxes were sadly in arrears and the laws seriously defective in essential particulars, has not only collected sufficient back taxes to pay current town obligations, but has accumulated a surplus of cash which is available for the liquidation of claims resulting from extravagance on the part of previous local administrations. As a result of this efficiency in the performance of duty, the county will escape the necessity, at one time apparently unavoidable, of borrowing money to carry on its operations for the year, and taxpayers may look to the future with a degree of confidence to which they have latterly been unaccustomed. It pays always, as this illustration shows, to elect the best men to office.

DENNIS KEARNEY has been repudiated by a strong body of his former supporters, who now follow the lead of Wellock, his old-time lieutenant. At a recent mass meeting at the "Sand Lots," Wellock designated his former chief as the iron-jawed hoodlum, on whose tombstone would be written, "Liar, coward and traitor!" He affirmed that Kearney had property in Marblehead, Mass., to the amount of \$60,000, which he had accumulated from the rich while pretending to the workingmen that he is poor. He added that he would bury the agitator so deep that Gabriel's trumpet would never wake him up, and then the crowd, by way of practically fulfilling the menace, "went for" Kearney with such savage brutality that nothing but the presence of the police saved him from being torn to pieces or hanged. It is plain that the power of the foul-mouthed demagogue is effectually broken, and the result may well provoke lively satisfaction in the community which has only too long tolerated his insolent authority.

GENERAL WEAVER, the Greenback candidate for President, is a gentleman of large expectations. He expresses the utmost confidence that he will carry Alabama, Texas, Mississippi and Arkansas, with a chance for Louisiana and the Carolinas. The theory of his campaign is that the Greenbackers will secure sufficient strength to throw the election of President into the House of Representatives, where Congressman De La Maty holds the balance of power as between the Democrats and Republicans, having the controlling vote in the Indiana delegation, and that in this way both the old parties may be baffled and compelled to make terms with the despised inflationists. There is not the slightest probability that the Greenback Party will be able to bring about the complication they desire, but it will not do to despise them altogether, since they will undoubtedly make a vigorous fight in several States and may endanger the success of sound money candidates for Congress in certain close districts. It is of the highest importance that the next Congress should be thoroughly right on the financial question, and there should be no coqueting by either of the great parties with any faction which opposes the existing national policy on this subject.

It is announced that the Republicans propose to make a thorough canvass of the Southern States, instead of abandoning them as was practically done in the last national campaign. This is as it should be. It is claimed by that party that in several of these States a majority of the voters are in favor of Republican principles, while many others might be won by a proper presentation of the issues involved in the election. Whether this is the fact or not can only be decided by an actual canvass, and there could be no better opportunity for such a canvass than the present. Let the Republicans send their ablest men into all the Southern States, and discuss before the people, freely and fully, the questions which are to be decided in November. Such men will be sure of a respectful hearing, and if the voters shall then, acting with absolute freedom, declare for the Democracy, their opponents will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that the result has been honestly achieved, while the victors can no longer be charged with maintaining a monstrous terrorism over those politically opposed to them. By all means let us have a fair, free and exhaustive canvass in every State and county of the Union, so that the verdict when rendered shall really speak the voice of the whole people.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is now, as it long has been, one of the best and brightest of the pictorial papers published in this country. In addition to many pleasing illustrations that relate only to the most interesting passing events, timely editorials, entertaining stories, and well-prepared miscellaneous matter may be confidently expected in every issue. —*Great Barrington (Mass.) Courier*.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Domestic.

THE completed census gives Chicago a population of 502,979.

THE population of San Francisco is 233,066, including 20,549 Chinese.

GENERAL GARFIELD has been elected a trustee of Williams College.

SEVERAL French communists sailed from this city for their native land, July 7th.

FAVORABLE reports of the cotton crop have been received from nearly all the Southern States.

FIVE steamships, with 500 cabin passengers for Europe, sailed from this port, Saturday, July 10th.

A VAULT is to be constructed at the Philadelphia Mint for the storage of accumulated silver coin.

GENERAL GRANT recently visited New Mexico, having public receptions at Santa Fe and elsewhere.

THE United States war steamer *Alliance* is engaged in surveying the fishing banks off Newfoundland.

THE Readjusters of Virginia have nominated an electoral ticket independently of the regular Democracy.

GENERAL SHERMAN is on a visit to Manitoba, where he has been cordially received and hospitably entertained.

THE white Republicans of Georgia have organized independently of the blacks, and a split in the party is anticipated.

REPORTS from Minnesota and Illinois say the wheat crop is in excellent condition, but the outlook in Iowa is not promising.

THE revenue-cutter *Corwin*, which sailed to rescue whalers imprisoned in the ice above Behring's Strait, has been spoken.

THE exhibit of the receivers states the indebtedness of the Reading Railroad and Coal and Iron Companies at \$200,007,914.

NINE persons were killed and six others injured by the explosion of the boiler of a threshing machine at Dunkirk, Ohio, July 6th.

THERE was an increase of \$3,500,000 in the postal revenue for the last fiscal year, the total receipts amounting to \$31,932,519.

IN Tyrone, Pa., thirty buildings, including the post-office, the theatre and all the courts, were destroyed by fire, July 8th. Loss, \$150,000.

THERE are 1,900 Government prisoners confined in various prisons, and the expense of maintaining them is to be reduced by letting their labor to the prison authorities.

THE Indian Territory is reported to have been invaded by 300 men from Kansas for the purpose of establishing a colony in defiance of the authority of the Government.

JUDGE RALPH P. BUXTON has been nominated for Governor by the Republicans of North Carolina, with General Rufus Barringer, an ex-Confederate, for Lieutenant-Governor.

IT is said that a committee of the English bondholders of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company are in favor of reconstructing the company under a foreclosure sale.

AFTER a finely-contested race on the Thames at New London, July 7th, the Harvard eight-oared Freshman crew defeated a similar crew from Columbia College by a little over a length.

COLONEL W. M. SHANNON, a prominent lawyer of Camden, S. C., was shot and killed in a duel last week by Colonel E. B. C. Cash. None of the participants in the murderous affair have been arrested.

THE American Institute of Instruction met at Saratoga last week and celebrated the fiftieth year of its existence. Mr. William A. Mowrey, of Rhode Island, was elected president for the ensuing year.

THE annual meeting of the National Temperance Society was held at Asbury Park, N. J., last week. A week's session of the Women's Christian Temperance Union commenced at the same place, July 12th.

CHICAGO has made arrangements to receive 30,000 knights and 12,000 ladies at the triennial conclave of the Knights Templar next month. One hundred thousand other visitors are also expected.

THE Attorney-General of the United States has given an opinion that the President has power to fill vacancies occurring either during the recess or during the session of the Senate, and appointments for which the Senate may have failed to confirm.

Foreign.

THE King of Greece has arrived in Berlin on his way to St. Petersburg.

THE Rev. Fernando A. Merino has been chosen President of San Domingo.

THE crop prospects in Germany are unfavorable. The corn harvest will be very small.

IT is announced that Bartholdi's statue of Liberty for New York will be finished in 1883.

ONE hundred and ten French magistrates have resigned rather than enforce the religious decree.

IT is reported that the Chinese Government has officially notified Russia that she does not wish to go to war.

THERE were fifty deaths from yellow fever and eleven from small pox in Havana, Cuba, during the week ended July 24.

THE colliers' strike in Leicestershire has ended. Three thousand strikers have returned to work, having accepted five per cent. reduction in their wages.

IN the British House of Lords the Elementary Education Bill, rendering school attendance compulsory throughout the country, has been read a second time without a division.

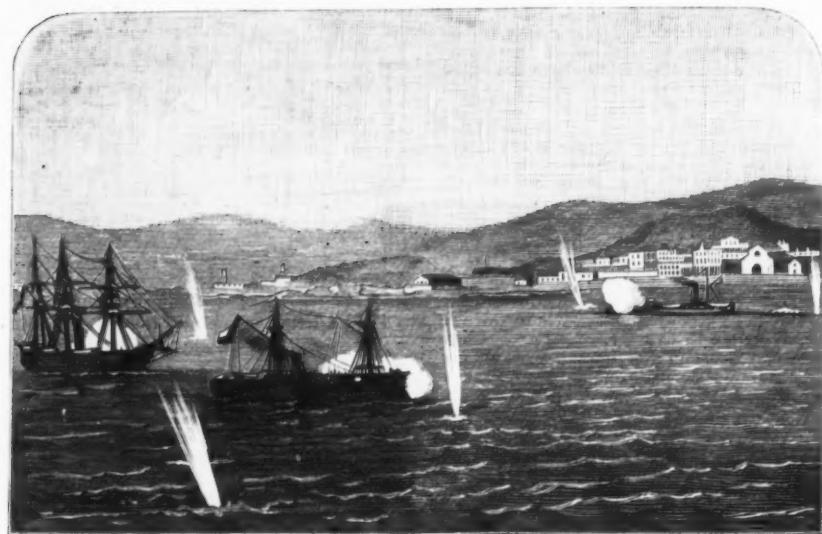
THE deficit in the Indian finances is \$16,535,000—not a pleasant legacy of the Diwanji administration. The excess of the African war expenditure over the estimated is \$45,000,000.

NEWS from the Azores represents that an earthquake at the Island of St. George, one of the Azores group, resulted in the formation of another island, 600 yards distant, about 18,000 yards in extent.

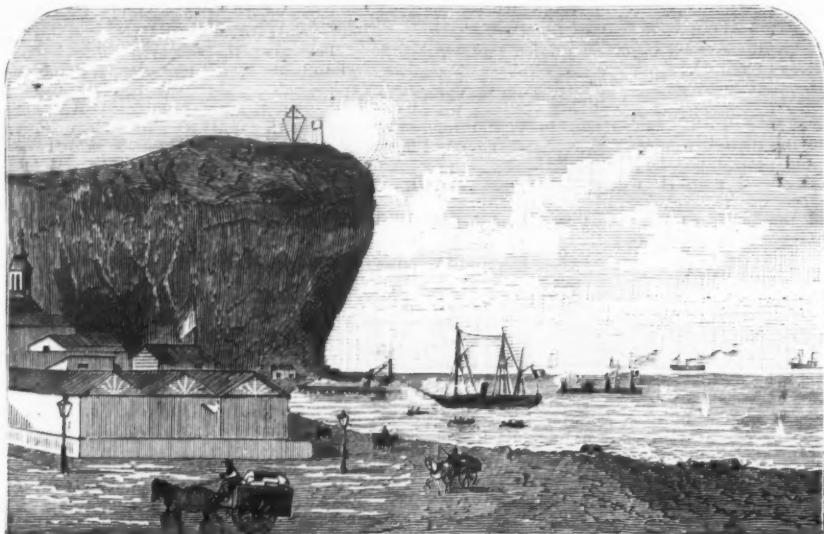
MR. O'CONNOR POWER has been invited to preside over a movement to obtain unconditional amnesty for all Irish political exiles. It is intended to extend the movement throughout Great Britain, Ireland, the colonies and the United States.

IT is said that when the question comes up, Mr. Gladstone will express his regrets that permission was given to erect a monument to the Prince Imperial in Westminster Abbey, and will say that the Government cannot interfere in the matter.

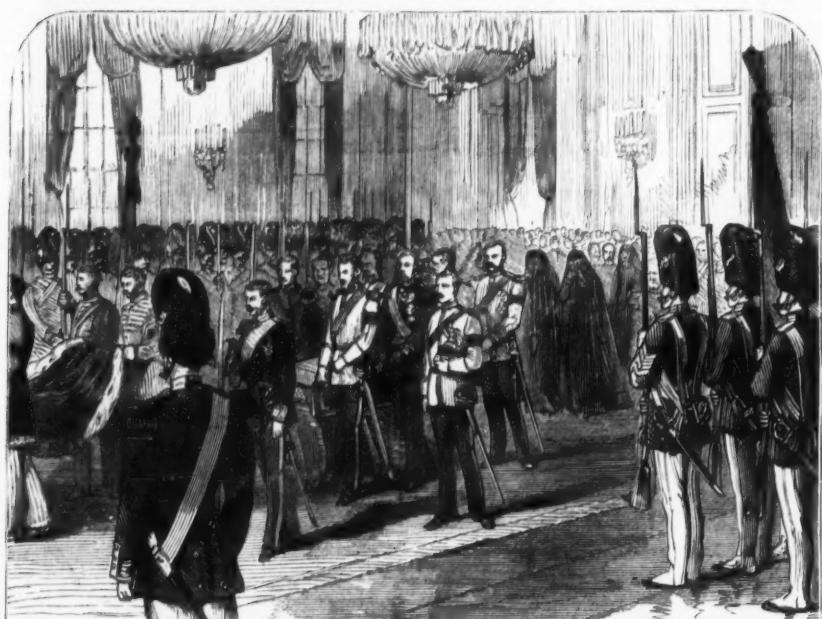
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 351.



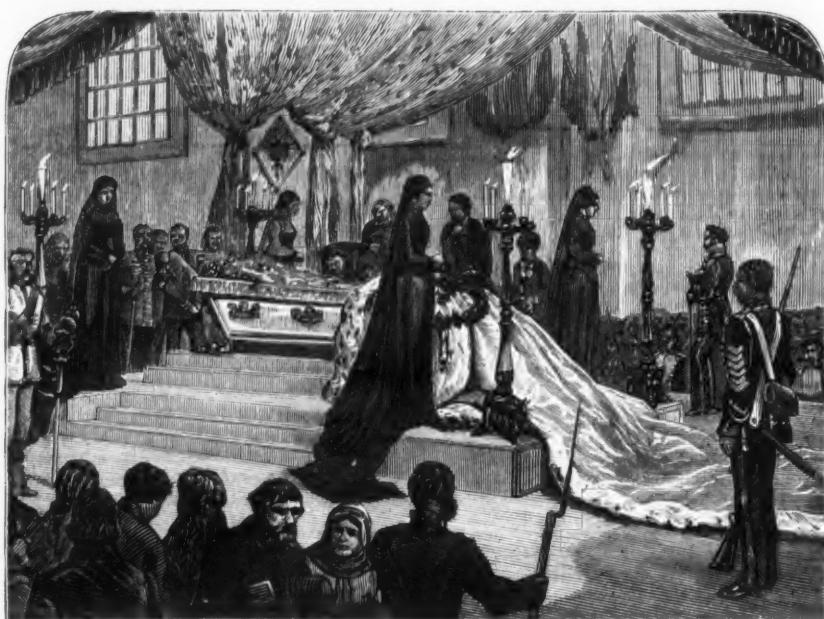
PERU.—THE ENGAGEMENT OF FEBRUARY 27TH AT ARICA.



PERU.—RAISING THE BLOCKADE OF ARICA, MARCH 17TH.



RUSSIA.—THE LATE EMPRESS—REMOVING THE REMAINS FROM THE PALACE.



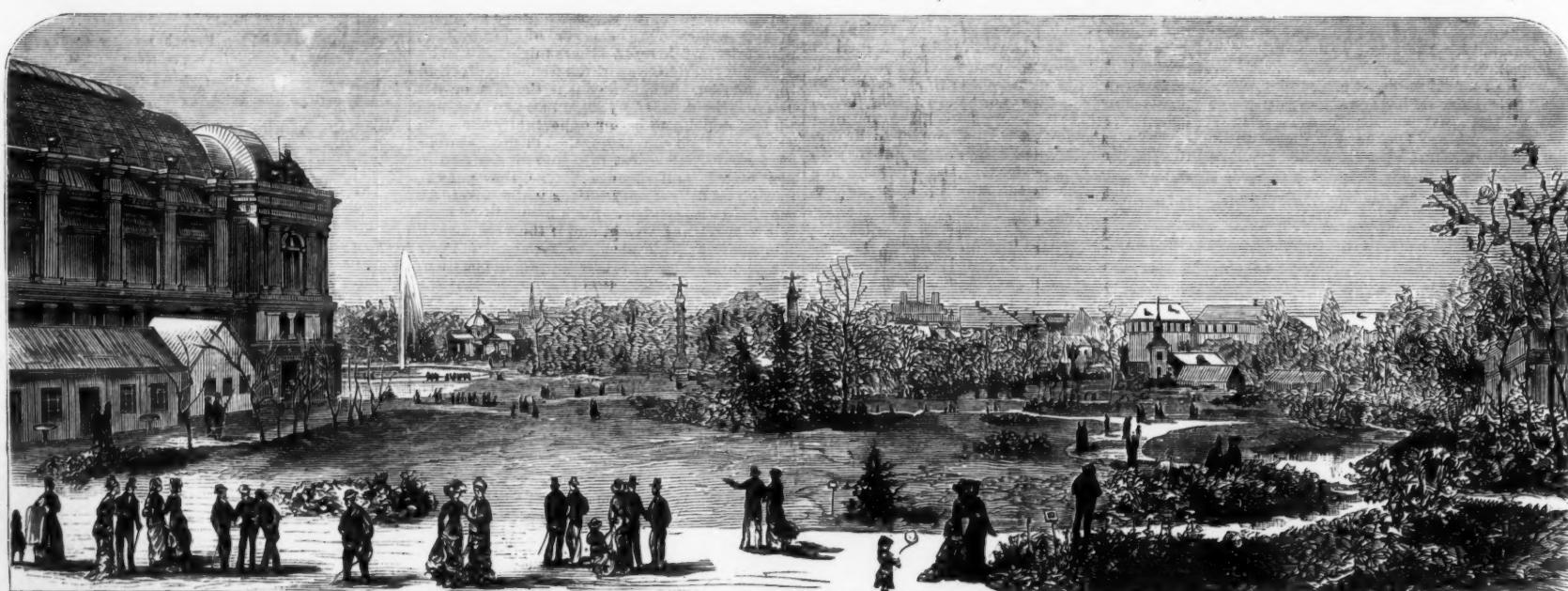
RUSSIA.—THE LATE EMPRESS—THE LYING-IN-STATE.



ENGLAND.—PRESENTATION OF THE CIVIC ADDRESS TO THE KING OF GREECE.



ENGLAND.—THE LAST SCENE IN "AGAMEMNON," AT BALIOL COLLEGE.



BELGIUM.—THE JUBILEE OF INDEPENDENCE—GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS AT BRUSSELS.



MARGIE.

EDWARD STAVEDALE was a painter—an artist in the fullest and completest sense of the word, for he lived, as it were, in the centre of a circle of art, and it was through this medium that the perception of outward things came to him. It was under the influence of this atmosphere that all thoughts were presented to him. He lived, therefore, in a world of his own; realities were to him the things the most unreal. He mixed as little as possible in the society of other men because he found their presence and conversation disturbed the beautiful phantoms that, when he was alone, held him such sweet and genial company.

In Summer time, with a knapsack, a staff and a sketch-book, he would wander forth wherever the fancy led him, now over the mountains, now by the seashore, now through woods and valleys, collecting everywhere fresh ideas, fresh experiences of that nature without which true art cannot exist.

To Edward Stavedale sensation was a word that conveyed no meaning. He had passed through the stages of youth and early manhood untempted by any of the desires or ambitions, natural or artificial, that seem almost inseparable from man's career in society. He worshiped beauty in whatever form it came to him, but only through the soul, and in its purest sense.

Now that his life was midway spent, there were moments when a vague want was felt, hints that came he knew not whence, of a yearning for some more warm and real sympathy than the shadows of great men and women could afford him, wearing a void in his heart which grew wider and deeper each day.

One lovely evening in the Fall Ed was pursuing his desultory rambles, and had struck the wood which skirts the road between the Mountain House on the Palisades and Fort Lee, when his attention was suddenly attracted by the voice of a woman, harsh and shrill. Advancing further, he found he was approaching a bivouac of strollers, half-actors, half-conjurors, of the lower order, that wandered about the States, stopping to display their performances at out-of-the-way villages and remote farm-houses. All the strollers were absent with the exception of the woman—the speaker—whose hardened features and unsympathetic aspect kept the promise given by the voice, and a little girl of about thirteen or fourteen, small, dark, sharp-featured, but with limbs fine and faultless in their slight proportions, and wondrous, wild, dark eyes, almost excessive in size, flashing from beneath the waves of black hair that overhung her face. To her the woman was addressing herself in harsh and bitter reproaches, to which the child listened in the silence that becomes almost apathy in children who, from their infancy, are little used to any other tone.

The woman, finding how slight had been the effect of her words, raised a great heavy stick which was about to descend on the girl's naked shoulders, when Stavedale sprung forward, and, clutching the upraised arm, prevented the cruel blow from being delivered, while he admonished the woman in terms so severe that she actually quailed beneath his flashing eye.

Ed Stavedale having discharged what he considered his duty, threw a glance of pity and a word of sympathy to the sobbing child, whose slight form still quivered with excitement, and turned away. He strode down the road to a small inn overlooking the Hudson, and, having dined, lighted his pipe and repaired to the stoop to enjoy his accustomed reveries. But the shapes he was wont to invoke came not; one face—a wild elfin face, with heavy black hair and great lustrous eyes; one form—a slight, agile, nervous one—always stood before him. He took pencil and sketched them in various positions and attitudes, and formed plans of pictures in which this little figure was to form the conspicuous object.

"I must get the child to sit to me," he said, to himself; and he resolved to start back to the strollers' bivouac in the wood, and to offer the virago a dollar to achieve this purpose.

As he was about to set forth, the girl, accompanied by a raw youth, the virago bringing up the rear, passed beneath the stoop on which he sat, the woman entering the hotel.

The child suddenly looked up. What a change came over that listless face; every feature became instinct with earnest life; the eyes gleamed, the lips broke into a radiant smile over dazzling little teeth, and a warm glow spread itself beneath the dark, sallow, but transparent skin.

It was very pleasant, Stavedale thought, to see any face light up so in his presence.

"You are glad to see me?" he said.

"Glad—yes."

"What is your name?"

"Margie, sir."

"Should you like me to make a portrait of you?"

"Of me, sir?" with a blush and a smile.

"Yes; if you will sit I will give you half a dollar."

A pained expression stole around the child's face.

"Yes; only—"

"Only what? You won't? Why not?"

"Because mother—"

"If I ask her leave, and give her somthing?"

"Ah, then, perhaps."

A bargain was soon made with the old hag, and she readily consented to Margie's giving as many sittings to the artist as might be required, during her sojourn in the neighborhood.

The girl was to Ed Stavedale a curious study, in her moral as well as in her physical nature. Vicious example, uncontrolled passions of every bad sort, brutal usage, fraud, force, the absence of all manliness, of all womanliness in those she lived with—such was the moral atmosphere in which she had grown to girlhood, such was the soil in which

was sown a heart, an intense sensibility, a bright intelligence, and keen sense of all grace and beauty. Not a taint of vulgarity was in the child's nature; not a word passed her lips that had not a meaning, not a movement of her limbs but was replete with a strange, peculiar grace.

Ed was fascinated by the elfin child, who, as she sat or stood before him, seemed not only to guess all his slightest intentions, but constantly suggested new ideas of form and symmetry, beautiful beyond description. He sketched her in every attitude; he sometimes feared to weary her, but when he expressed the fear, she shook her head with one of her bright smiles and an emphatic "Never"; so he went on painting, sometimes talking to her, sometimes in a silence which lasted for hours, and which she never attempted to break. At length—it was the second day—the strollers struck their camp, and Stavedale started on the road to New York. His way lay through Pleasant Valley and Sunnyside, and as he strode along he thought of the pictures he would paint, in all of which some hint, some movement, some expression taken from her, could be introduced with precious effect. He opened his sketch-book, and as he walked slowly on he contemplated the innumerable studies of her with which it was filled. He looked up at last—before him stood the original—trembling, her great eyes riveted on his face, with a look at once fearful, so earnest, so beseeching.

"You, Margie?"

The breath came thick and fast, and her voice was scarcely intelligible; but as she went on it strengthened.

"Yes, it is me. Let me go with you—anywhere. I will be your servant; I'll do anything on earth for you. Don't be angry. I couldn't stay with them any longer; they treat me worse than ever, because they know I was happy with you and you were kind to me. Do let me go with you. Let me go with you!"

"But, child, your mother? I have no right to take you from her."

"She's not my mother, she's only my stepmother; and my father is dead. I belong to nobody—nobody cares for me. Even what I do for them they only curse me for, and beat me when I can't do the work they put me to. Do let me go with you—let me go with you!"

Stavedale's hesitation was gone, and, taking her little trembling hand in his, he led her on.

Arrived at his *atelier*—he lived in a little top flat on Twenty-third Street—he gave Margie money to go out and buy herself some clothes, and in half an hour she reappeared, all traces of poverty, fatigue and emotion vanished. Her neat dress fitted her so gracefully, her wild hair parted in shiny, wavy *bandeaux*, her little Arab feet and fine slender ankles, so symmetrical in high, shiny, and well-drawn striped stockings, and, above all, her oval face so radiant with beautiful joy and gratitude.

Stavedale felt very proud and happy.

"How smart you look!" he said.

She stood before him smiling, holding out her skirts as children do when their dress is admired. She broke into a short gleeful laugh of joy and triumph.

"So you are happy now, Margie?"

"Oh, sir!" and she seized his hand and covered it with kisses.

The tears sprang to Stavedale's eyes. He drew her towards him, and, resting his chin on her head, he began in a voice of deep and quiet emotion:

"Margie, I do not know if I have done right in taking you. At all events it is done. Never, child, give me cause to think I have acted wrongly—even foolishly, and, with God's help, I will be a father and a protector to you as long as I live. Kiss me, my child!"

She flung her arms round his neck and clung to him long and in silence, and he felt it was very sweet to hold such communion—to claim such love and trust and gratitude from a human creature; sweeter than to hold imaginary, unloving converse with the shadows of dead heroes and heroines.

Ed Stavedale was once more installed in his painting-room. As of old, he dreamed and painted—painted and dreamed. But when the shadowy company was not sufficient to fill his heart and brain, he would wake up from his reverie, would go to the little sitting-room at the back, where he relighted his pipe, and, half-dreaming, half-listening, heard the prattle, childish, yet strangely wise, of Margie, who, as she fluttered about or sat on a stool at his feet, thought aloud in her own wild, suggestive, conjectural way, hitting on singular glimpses of great truths that could only come to her intuitively.

By degrees Ed began to dream less and think more. Margie was now fifteen. He felt that she had become more than a child and a plaything, and that a certain responsibility weighed on him in the care of her, in the provision for her future. She had learned to read and write, and one day when he entered the little sitting-room he found Margie with a book on her knees.

"What are you reading there, child?" he inquired, carelessly.

She held up the book. It was a trashy French novel. He snatched it from her and flung it beneath the stove.

"Mind this; when you want to read anything, you must show it to me first. Do you hear, little one?"

She arranged his chair, lighted his pipe and sat down at his feet in silence. Stavedale's eyes were wide open and full of earnest reflection. Once or twice she looked up timidly, but meeting no reply to her glance, she dropped her eyes again.

She said at last: "You are not angry with me?"

"With you? Never!"

"You see I am afraid of nothing on earth but vexing you. I care for nothing on earth but pleasing you. Between these two thoughts lie all the cares of my life."

Strange, the pain and pleasure Stavedale felt. He stroked her shining hair, kissed her forehead, and fell to thinking harder than ever.

Next day instead of putting on his dressing-gown, cap and slippers, and retiring to his *atelier*, he, for the first time for many a long year, at such an hour, donned coat, boots and hat, sallied forth and returned with a small library—books of history, biography, religion and some poetry; all works the most perfectly suited to the purpose they were intended for.

For months, between her light household duties, so quickly and happily performed, and the frequent sittings she still continued to give him, the books were studied with earnest attention. Some of them Ed already knew; the rest he now read, and constantly of an evening questioned his pupil, drawing out and correcting her impressions with a pride and interest strangely new and pleasant to him.

As he had anticipated, Margie grew before his eyes with striking and remarkable beauty. He noticed the progress with a mingling of pleasure and uneasiness, and watched over her with a jealous care. Few visitors came to his painting-room, but at the sound of a strange footstep a look warned Margie to retreat and she fled through a back-door like a mouse into its hole.

Another year and another passed by and Margie was sweet seventeen.

"It is certain," said Stavedale to himself, "that this cannot go on for ever. I am not immortal, and if some day I go suddenly off, what becomes of Margie? We must endeavor to get a husband for her. And yet who would marry her? An artist would for her face and form. Put what artist?"

He knew nobody who in the least degree suited his notions of the sort of husband to whom he would confide the happiness of his adopted child. He had a vague consciousness that, in matrimonial affairs, there were troublesome details of money matters to be gone through, and on this part of the question he felt dreadfully incompetent to enter. He was quite willing to give Margie anything and everything he possessed; but how much that might be, or how he was to find it out and put it in train, and what was likely to be the pretensions or arrangements on the other side, it put him into a state of hopeless desperation to think of. All this he admitted to himself; but he did not admit—for the thing was too vague and indistinct for admission or actual contemplation—that a little aching jealousy, a numb pain, lay at the bottom of his heart, when he thought of giving to another the treasure that for four years had lightened his life and given him new and human feelings, and a hitherto unknown love and sympathy with his race.

Margie is eighteen, and still Stavedale had found no husband for her. Hitherto he had worked alone; now, the thought and the care of her, the time he devoted to her education and her amusement—for he took her to the theatre and to Coney Island and up the glorious Hudson—rendered it impossible for him to do all he had been wont to do in his painting-room. He resolved, therefore, to look out for a student, a good student, who might never in word or deed break on the cloistered strictness and purity with which Stavedale's jealous care had surrounded his pet.

After a search the wonderful student was discovered and installed in the painting-room—Obadiah Sugden, the son of a New England oyster farmer; was tall and thin and dyspeptic looking. He was bashful and silent, and worked all day long without so much as even opening his lips. But his great brown eyes were open and they saw Margie, and, with the usual result, he fell madly in love with her; but it was that hobbledehoy love that never displays itself save in some awkwardness. One day Stavedale caught his pupil gazing with all his might and main at Margie—gazing his whole soul out.

"What if?"

A thought for the first time struck Stavedale—flashed across him with a thrill of such strange, mingled, contradictory sensations that he passed his hand across his head and felt as though some one had given him a blow.

But the thought that had struck into his brain staid there, and he took it and handled and examined it and familiarized himself with it. Strange! It had never presented itself to him before! There was the husband he had been looking for for Margie, two, three years—there, under his hand. Yes, it was the thing of all others to suit. If the oysterman would but approve, he saw no obstacle.

The oyster farmer, upon receipt of a letter from Stavedale, came to New York, saw Margie, and regretted that his son was first in the field, for he himself was a widower and of an amorous temperament.

"Square it between 'em, friend Stavedale," said Sugden, senior, "and I'll not go back on you."

Stavedale was alone in the studio with Obadiah, when he opens the matter lying heavily at his heart.

"You have never thought of marrying, Obadiah?"

His pupil shifted his position a little, colored very violently, and replied that he never had seriously.

"You ought to think of it, however, my good boy; why not now?"

Obadiah replied: "That's true."

There was a pause. Stavedale cleared his throat.

"If I found you a wife—a good, nice, charming little wife, that your father thinks well of, would that suit you?"

"Down to the ground, sir."

"Do you know any one you would like?"

Obadiah looked very sheepish, as pointing at a crayon portrait of Margie, he exclaimed:

"He! he! That's her!"

"And do you think she likes you?"

"That's what I'd give my bottom dollar to find out."

"We'll find out, my lad."

Stavedale that very evening broached the subject to Margie.

"My child, I have been thinking a great deal about you," he said.

"Do you know that you are of an age to think about being married?"

He told her how long he had thought of this; how he felt the loneliness of the life she led; how little a man like him was fitted to be the sole instructor and protector of a young girl; but he dreaded that a day might come—must come—when, if she were not married, he would have to leave her alone and unprotected in the wide, wide world; how dreadfully the thought weighed on him; how, until she was thus provided for, he never could feel happy or assured concerning her. Then he spoke of Obadiah; of his affection for her, of all his good qualities, of what peace and joy he would feel in seeing her united to him; and then, feeling he could not wait for her answer, he took her to his heart, kissed her, bid her think of all he had said, and took refuge in his painting-room, where he smoked five pipes without stopping.

"The sooner it's over the better," murmured the painter, and he urged on the wedding with a sort of feverish impatience.

It was the night before the wedding and Stavedale had been out, occupied with the last arrangements, and returned home towards eleven o'clock. As he mounted the stairs to his studio his heart was leaden, and as he opened the door of his flat and entered the quiet little art home, the silence struck him with a chill of disappointment, for he had secretly hoped that Margie would have been up to greet him, after the occupations of his busy day.

He listened, but there was no quick, light step, no sound to indicate her consciousness of his entrance. Stavedale sighed, took up the dim light that had been left burning against his arrival, and instead of going to his room turned into his studio.

How deadly still it was! How deserted! The wan quivering flare of the little lamp only made the gloom it could not pierce more heavy, and as its wavering light flashed and played over the faces of the pictures, they seemed to shudder on him while he passed.

And so it was all over and she was already gone from him, and the old, lonely, loveless life was to be begun again, now that he was so much less able and fitted to lead it than formerly. Art is just and noble and elevated, and he who pursues it with all his energies cannot fail to profit thereby. But art is not able to fill man's life alone. Art will be worshipped as a sovereign, and, if courted in earnest, sometimes condescends to let the voluntary kiss the hem of her garment, and now and then bestow upon him a smile. But she gives no more than this, and thus for a time it may satisfy him; then comes a day when he would resign all the fame she ever accorded him for a little human love and a little human sympathy. Stavedale had felt thus before he had them. Now he had known them and was about to lose them for ever.

The perfume of flowers—the flowers she had placed there that morning before he went out—drew him to the table. A note lay on it—a note in her handwriting and directed to himself.

A mist passed over his eyes as he opened and sought to read the contents, written in a trembling hand, and here and there blurred and blotched; how?—he knew.

"MY DEAR, DEAR FRIEND, MY ONLY FRIEND: For give me if you can for the pain I am causing you and, above all, oh, above all! do not think your poor child ungrateful. But I cannot marry Mr. Sugden; my heart revolts from it. Indeed, indeed I have done everything I could to reconcile myself to it because you wished it, and I know he deserves a better wife than I could make him. It is not any foolish wicked pride

with pain and grief and fever, but insisting on remaining alone that the quest might not be for a day interrupted.

Slowly the evening reddened and paled, and the hush and dimness of the light that precedes the departing day fell upon the sick room, and for the first time since Margie's departure, Ed Stavedale slept.

Presently the door opened, and a shadow stood on the threshold—noiseless and breathless as shadows are—then it glided across the room, paused, stood, and finally kneeled beside the bed. The sleeper's labored breathing stopped suddenly. He was not yet awake, and still he was listening. Something—a consciousness, a hope—was rising in him combatting the numbness of slumber. He started, stretching out his arms and pronouncing Margie's name.

It was Margie's voice that answered him; they were Margie's tears that fell on him; Margie's kisses that pressed his hot brow. Long and silently he held her close in his embrace.

"You will never leave me again?"

"Never, never, never! Oh, forgive me! If you knew one half of what I have suffered—not of hardship or misery. I have means to secure me from that, but from the separation from you! Oh, I could not live longer without seeing you. I thought just to steal back, have one glance, at you and then—then I knew not, cared not, what might become of me! And I find you thus!"

"Margie, tell me what was the reason you would not marry Sugden. You did not love him. Did you—do you—love any other?"

She clung to him, hiding her face and weeping silently.

"You will not tell me?"

"I cannot."

A wild, trembling, thrilling hope traversed the obscurity of Stavedale's brain.

"Is it—I?"

"Who could it be but you?"

And so Margie was married—but not to Obadiah Sugden.

"INDEPENDENCE DAY" AT LONG BRANCH.

THE popularity of Long Branch as a Summer resort has never been so great as at this moment. The crowd of visitors already exceeds the most sanguine expectations. During the first week of the present month every hotel was packed with guests, while on the opening days of the Summer races the influx of excursionists was altogether unprecedented. The excursions, which opened on the 3d, were exceptionally brilliant. On the 5th the attendance amounted to some 10,000 persons, including shoals of well-dressed, handsome ladies, representing the fashionable circles of New York and other cities. The grand stand was a very gallery of beautiful faces and elegant toilettes. One of the most interesting races of the day was the contest for the Weller Cup, worth \$650, for gentlemen riders, three-quarters of a mile. Mr. Townsend bestrode Baronet; Mr. St. James, Odd Fellow; Mr. Price, Tramp; Mr. Purdy, Momentum; Mr. Hunter, Vanderdecken; and Mr. Alexander, Judith. Judith was the favorite in the betting. The flag fell to a bad send-off, Vanderdecken being in the lead, and Judith a long way behind. The mare quickly ran past them all, however, and at the upper turn had a lead of several lengths. She came home under a strong pull an easy winner in 1:22 1/2. Tramp, under the stimulus of a sound lashing, was second, and Odd Fellow third.

The last event of the day was a handicap steeple-chase between Problem, Disturbance and Bertha, for a purse of \$500, of which \$200 went to second horse. Probably no finer race of the kind was ever seen anywhere. The course has been changed since last season, and is now a very long one, circling the ground two and one-half times, and including eighteen jumps, the water jump being counted twice. Disturbance was over the first hurdle, slightly in advance of Problem. Bertha refused to be at the first offer and thereby lost her chances. The other two kept together nearly all the way. Problem was the better jumper and gained every time while in the air, but Disturbance seemed to run faster between jumps, so that now one was ahead and now the other. The last few jumps they rose and fell together. They came down the track linked, and went over the last hurdle at the same instant. When half way to the string Disturbance suddenly quit, dead beat, and Problem bounded home a very tired winner in 4:43. Bertha, who had jumped prettily after her first fluke, was too far behind to catch up. We illustrate both of these races, together with the pool selling at the hotels, etc.

The great iron pier at Long Branch now extends into the ocean a distance of 960 feet. It is covered with an awning, and is now lighted at night from end to end, producing a very beautiful effect. It is a favorite resort.

A MORNING AT THE SOLDIERS' HOME, WASHINGTON.

THE object of the Soldiers' Home," so reads the first article of its "Rules and Regulations"—"is to provide a comfortable home for old soldiers of twenty or more years' service, and for invalid and disabled or discharged soldiers, who, having served honestly and faithfully in the Army of the United States, shall be entitled to the benefits of the institution."

Not only gray-headed veterans, therefore, but those who are, so to speak, babes in the service, are to be met by the curious visitor as he traverses the cool stone halls of the Home, or the shady walks that wind through its beautiful grounds. Old and young, straight and strong, and bowed and crippled, every age and type has a representative—I had almost said every color, but here the emphatic statement of the sergeant of the day, who did the honors of the institution for us, returns to remind me that here, at least, in Washington the good-natured African face is conspicuous for its absence. Nothing can be lovelier than the park-like grounds, with their rolling undulations, the smooth lawns and shady nooks, and the fine old trees grouped and scattered everywhere. Far away one can see the city, and the Potomac glimmering in a mist of sunshine, and framed in the "Capitol Vista," a green, shady walk completely roofed with arching trees, there is the dome itself rising out of a sea of roofs, clear and pale against the sky. Within the grounds stand not only the Home itself, but the hospital, the chapel and library, and the pretty stone cottages half-covered with vines, whose hospitality is every Summer offered by the Home to the Presidential family. Our sergeant pointing it out to us, spoke with the greatest enthusiasm of its latest inmates, Mrs. Hayes having very evidently won the hearts of all the veterans during her Summer's sojourn among them.

The Home was founded by General Winfield Scott with prize money from the Mexican campaign, amounting to \$150,000. As an institution it is completely independent of the Government,

which fact its inmates state with considerable pride, but it derives from the army a yearly income of \$30,000, each soldier in the United States service contributing twelve and a half cents monthly for its support. Its internal rules and regulations are very few and simple; it is in the fullest sense of the word a home, whose benefits are extended both to temporary and permanent inmates, and where each one is free to come and go, remaining as long as he pleases and returning after any length of time spent outside. Soldiers drawing pensions from the Government are required to turn these into the general fund of the institution, from which each man, in consideration of orderly conduct and general good behavior, is allowed to draw monthly one dollar and one pound of tobacco, or its equivalent in money. The younger men, who may wish to work on the grounds and farm, are employed there at the rate of about eight dollars per month, and besides this optional labor, each man is required to perform such small services about the grounds and buildings as the discretion of the governor may impose. Drunkenness, fighting and insubordinate conduct, are punished by the curtailment of rations and the stoppage of pocket-money, confinement to the building or grounds, or in aggravated cases by total dismissal.

Inside the great stone building everything is delightfully cool and orderly. The wide, airy halls and massive stone staircases swarmed with blue undress uniforms as the sergeant led us through, for it was nearly noon, and in a few moments the bugle call, announcing dinner, would be sounded from the porch. We took a peep into the immense dining-hall before the meal was served, and saw the rows of long tables ready set, a vast perspective of plates and glasses and cutlery repeating themselves with accurate regularity. As the artist rapidly sketched, our guide betrayed a nervous anxiety lest any detail should be disrespectfully slurred over. "Be sure there's seven chairs to each table," he repeated, feelingly. "Every man here'll see the picture, and count 'em up to see if they're all right. You can't make any mistake but what they'll hit on it."

With the fear of these merciless critics before our eyes, we proceeded through the other departments. The reading-room, or, rather, rooms—two connected with a great archway—whose long tables were well covered with scattered papers and magazines, representing all the best weekly and monthly publications of the day; the lavatory, irreproachable in the cleanliness of its well scrubbed floor and cool, gray paint; and the bedrooms, which presented every variety of study of bachelor-quarters. Each of the larger rooms contained four neat little white beds, a fireplace and some simple furniture; the quantity and quality of the decoration varied with the taste of the inmates. In one room we found a perfect gallery of photographs, prints and wood-cuts, framed and unframed, with vases of dried grasses on the mantel and table, and a tiny cross of evergreens conspicuously placed; while on the wall over one of the beds was a wreath of white flowers, a mortuary relic, carefully preserved under glass, and flanked by a photograph of the deceased.

We passed out just as the crippled veteran on the porch was hanging his bugle on its nail after sounding the call to dinner. Groups of blue-coats were coming in from the little arbors and rustic seats around the lawns, where they sit in knots and smoke and gossip—it being a generally known, if not admitted, fact that men do gossip—and in a few moments not one was to be seen under the trees on our way to the library. This building, whose importance as a subject for a sketch seemed, in our sergeant's mind, to rank next to that of the dining-room, is a little gem in its way. It was built originally for a bowling alley, but has lately been converted to its present and nobler use, and is furnished with handsome oak tables and bookcases, the latter fully stocked with standard books. It is of that nondescript but highly decorative style of architecture conveniently known as "Queen Anne," with a most pleasing combination of color in the oak carvings and arched beams of the ceiling, and the low arch of red brickwork, picked out with cool white marble, which separates the library properly from the bowling-alley—from a square antechamber rich in carved woodwork. Here the artist became rapturous over a most beautiful tiled mantelpiece, and the rest of the party interviewed the librarian, a stiff old soldier, who received us first with freezing severity, but gradually thawed into a conversational state, though evidently suspicious of the artist to the last.

Passing the pretty Presidential cottage—first occupied by President Pierce, and since by Buchanan, Lincoln and Hayes, who last week removed thither with his family—we go to the hospital, and there, under the guidance of the steward, look in at the dispensary, the little library, and the wards, with their seemingly endless rows of patients. The light and ventilation of the wards are perfect, and the rows of little iron bedsteads with their spotless white covers, and the small tables beside them with their array of glasses and bottles, look comfortable enough and are neatness itself; but the distressing bareness of the great sweep of white wall makes our eyes ache. A picture or two would be a blessed break in their monotony—even one of the much despised "mottos," dear to the eyes of the uncultivated, would be positively refreshing here.

Some of the beds are empty, the men sitting in comfortable chairs beside them; in some they lie propped up on pillows, reading newspapers or staring idly about. This is in the lower wards. As we go higher up, where the cases are more serious, we pass rows of motionless figures and pale faces, with closed eyes, like sleep or death. Here and there a visitor—generally in army-blue—stands by one of the beds, but nobody speaks, and there is not a sound to be heard in the long rooms. One veteran in the consumption ward solemnly retires under the blankets as soon as we enter, and remains with his head covered during our stay.

"He died the other day," whispers our guide, indicating with his thumb the mound of bedclothes. "They were just laying him out, when he opened one eye and called for his pipe, and now he's just as heavy as ever again."

So we look through ward after ward—a painful sight, in spite of the order and quiet that reign everywhere.

"Not much to sketch," remarks the steward, evidently considering that architectural proportions and the patterns of bedsteads are all which the artist can wish to fix on paper. "One room is pretty much like the other. No, the men don't mind you," he adds, in reply to a question; "it's something for them to look at and talk about after you're gone; and they'll see the pictures when they come out, and if there's a pencil-stroke out of the leg of a table, they'll know it," he warns the artist, cheerfully.

So we depart, conscious of a body of stern censors who are ready to pounce on our notes and sketches as soon as they see the light in the columns of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWS-PAPER.

We drive through the beautiful grounds, past the little cemetery where the dead soldiers sleep—a smaller edition of the vast encampment on Arlington Heights—and through the suburbs back to the City of Washington again, and the shadow of the Dome.

Luxury in Chili.

A SANTIAGO correspondent writes: "The wealthy landowners, hacendados, or possessors of very large farms in Chili, are, as a rule, mere absentees, having little more than *piel-a-terre* on their estates, which they only visit for a month or two in the year, and scarcely ever else leaving their homes in the capital, to which political or social duties are supposed to bind them, except for a short residence at Valparaiso or some other watering-place on the sea or inland. The extravagance of this gentry is described as boundless. More than \$8,000,000 has been spent in house-building in the period of four

years (1872-6), some of these private houses at a cost of \$100,000 to \$250,000 each, and "the carriage licenses taken out in the latter year show that there were altogether 1,284 private carriages, besides 471 public conveyances and 2,750 carts and drays." This will appear somewhat considerable if we reflect that it refers to a town muster of a population of 100,000. The luxury in which these Chilean magnates so liberally indulge has the effect of raising the price of all commodities and especially of all articles imported from abroad to an enormous extent. A book or an almanac charged 25 cents in London at shop price cannot be purchased in Chili for less than 80 cents; a pair of kid gloves is not to be had for less than \$2.50; and, as a rule, a dollar, a silver dollar, the value of which varies from \$1 to \$1.25, will go no further than 25 cents would do in the old countries. The charge for hair-cutting in Valparaiso is \$1.50; an eighty-cent Letts's diary costs \$2.50; a tall hat (chimney pot) costs \$15; you must pay 12 cents each for parchment luggage labels, 6 cents apiece for quill pens, \$1 for a quire of common note paper, and so on in proportion. The Chileans seem to value things rather from their cost than from their actual worth. The extravagance of all Americans is something that far transcends the limits of Old World comprehension. At Guayaquil, the shabby seaport of the "one-horse republic" of Ecuador, I have seen a toy-shop where the price of German wax dolls varied from twenty to eighty silver dollars. A Panama hat would be charged from \$300 to \$350, and prices of the same enormity are charged for a guanaco coat or a vicuna rug, an ostrich feather wrapper, or a poncho, and other luxuries of local manufacture.

Sale of Flowers in New York.

IN 1844 the sale of flowers for New Year's Day in what then was the largest store in New York City amounted only to \$200, and probably for the whole City of New York it did not exceed \$1,000. Now the amount spent for floral decorations on that day probably reaches \$50,000, while for the whole year the money spent in these perishable ornaments probably amounts to millions. It is estimated that there are 500 florists' establishments within a radius of ten miles of New York City, and the capital invested in land, structures and stock is not less than \$8,000,000, the product of which is mainly for the metropolis.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Chili-Peruvian War.

The long protracted war is a series of successes for Chili. Bolivia has been virtually driven from the field. Peru has been defeated on land and sea. Her most valuable provinces are in the hands of the Chileans, and her ports are all blockaded. Our illustrations show a naval engagement off Arica on the 27th of February, when the Chilean monitor *Huascar* and the corvette *Magallanes* opened fire on the Peruvian batteries; the Peruvian monitor *Manco Capac* at last steamed out to repel them, and a sharp engagement ensued, in which the *Huascar* lost her commander (Thompson), killed on the same spot where the former Peruvian commander fell. Our other illustration shows the corvette *Union*, Captain Vilavicencio, running the blockade of Arica, under fire of the Chilean squadron, the *Manco Capac* covering her daring and successful attempt. The *Union* was badly hulled, but reached Callao safely.

The Empress of Russia's Funeral.

The ceremonies attending the funeral of the late Empress at St. Petersburg, on the 7th, 8th and 9th of June, are the subject of two illustrations. At noon on Monday, the 7th, the body was removed from the Winter Palace, where she died, to the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, in which is a Cathedral Church dedicated to those saints. It was conveyed in a superb gilded car, with canopy of white and gold, followed by the Emperor Alexander II., on horseback, in military uniform, with his sons and other Princes, amongst whom was the Crown Prince of Germany, some of the foreign Ambassadors, and the chief dignitaries of the Court and State. The Duchess of Edinburgh was one of the ladies who followed in mourning carriages. Next day the public were admitted—in the morning by ticket, in the evening quite freely and indiscriminately—to the Cathedral Church, where they saw the body of the Empress lying in state. It was in the centre, beneath the dome, upon a raised platform covered with red cloth. The coffin was partially covered with a pall of cloth-of-gold, but the face and hand of the Empress were exposed to view. On Wednesday morning the Emperor, with his family and suite, was met at the door of the cathedral by high dignitaries of the Church. As soon as the Mass was over, the Emperor, with the other members of the Imperial family, approached the coffin and kissed the dead. Four Chamberlains then removed the pall, placed it on the altar, and four Gentlemen of the Chamber brought forward the lid of the coffin. The Emperor himself placed the train of the Imperial robes in the coffin, which was then sunk in the floor of the church. When the coffin had been lowered, the Metropolitan handed the Emperor a silver plate with sand and a small gold shovel, and the formula of "dust to dust and ashes to ashes" was gone through by his Majesty and his sons. At this moment there was a roll of musketry-fire from the infantry under arms outside, and the report of the fortress guns and of the artillery posted on the opposite side of the river, each gun firing six rounds.

The King of Greece in London.

King George of Greece arrived at London on June 3d and has been the guest of the Prince and Princess of Wales. As usual when crowned heads visit England, he was presented with an address of welcome by the Corporation of the City of London. The ceremony took place in the Guildhall on June 16th, and was followed by a luncheon to which 1,000 persons were invited, and at which addresses appropriate to the occasion were delivered.

The Drama of "Agamemnon."

The recent performance of the "Agamemnon" of Aeschylus, at Balliol College, Oxford, was a bold experiment—one that has seldom been attempted since Dr. Parr's pupils were wont to act the plays of Sophocles at Stamford. In their programme two actors disclaimed any intention of producing a *fac simile* of a Greek drama, but stated that they had been guided throughout by the one desire of giving the work the best dramatic expression in their power. Thus, there were no masks, and the drama was curtailed, Hermann's text being adopted. Our illustration shows the last scene, when, after the murder of Agamemnon by Clytemnestra, she turns to Agisthus, and speaks the final words:

"Heed not their idle barking; thou and I Ruling the palace, fitly will ordain."

The Belgian Jubilee.

In our last issue we gave views of the art and horticultural pavilions in course of erection in Brussels for the approaching jubilee of Belgian independence. This week our illustration depicts the landscape features of the grounds upon which the exhibition buildings will stand. Vast preparations are being made for a proper display of the art, scientific, industrial and manufacturing progress of the kingdom; and while the jubilee will be a distinctly national one, the beauty of the city, the spirit of the occasion and the value of the material resources, will attract large audiences from all parts of the world during the continuance of the jubilee.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—The Greenbacks of Connecticut have nominated Henry C. Baldwin for Governor, with a full ticket for other State officers.

—IT is reported at Constantinople that Mr. Goschen, the British Ambassador, will call for the dismissal of Aleddin Pasha, Minister of Foreign Affairs, on account of his complicity in the Albanian movement against Greece.

—DURING the week from May 9th to 15th not a single death occurred at St. Petersburg, while the mortality of London for the corresponding period was 19.8 per 1,000, at Berlin, 25.1, at Rome, 22.0; at Vienna, 27.5; and at Paris, 27.4.

—AT St. Petersburg the reports of Chinese victories are described in official circles as mere gossip of the Eastern bazaars. Fifteen hundred volunteers will go to the Pacific to strengthen the cadres in the Amoor district. The Czar has inspected at Cronstadt the vessels for the Pacific.

—AT Rome, July 4th, the Pope gave audience to the Sacred Orators who came on a pilgrimage from all parts of the world, including the United States. The Pope, replying to their address, urged the expediency of simplicity and humility in preaching, and recommended that they study the works of St. Thomas Aquinas.

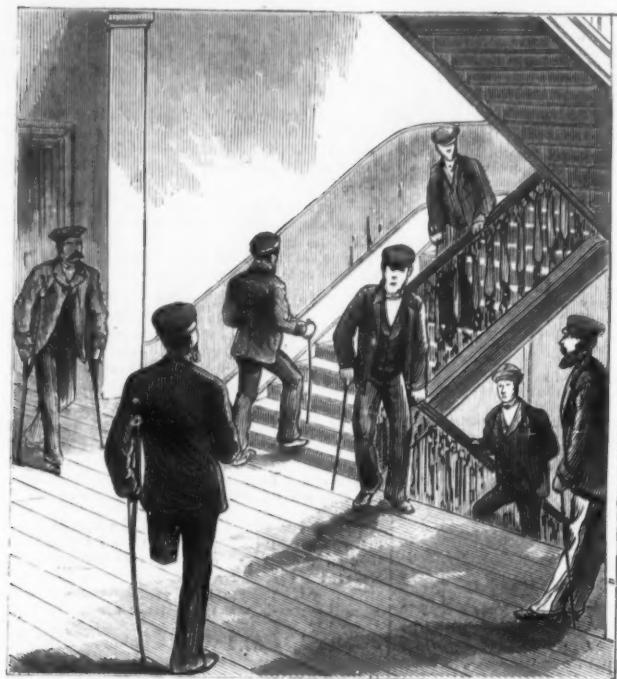
—THE record and findings in the case of Mirzan, the naturalized citizen of the United States recently tried for murder and condemned to death by Minister Maynard in Turkey, are expected soon to reach the State Department. The general impression seems to be at the State Department that the sentence will be commuted.

—ON July 3d Lord Shaftesbury unveiled the statue on the Thames embankment to Robert Raikes, the originator of Sunday-schools in England. Dr. Vincent was present on behalf of the Sunday-schools of the United States. Dr. Murphy, of New York, read a portion of the Scriptures, and Dr. Todd, of New York, offered prayer.

—THE total receipts of all kinds of grain by canal and rail at New York from January 1st to June 30th last were 56,584,004 bushels against 47,138,289 bushels for the corresponding period in 1879. Of the amount received this year 19,522,476 bushels were by canal against 8,297,452 bushels by canal during the same period last year.

—THE Standard's Berlin correspondent, discussing the relations between China and Russia, says there seems to have been an idea of purchasing ships and cannon in America and putting American seamen against the drilled land-lubbers, forming the bulk of the Russian crews, but there is little prospect of the scheme being carried out before the war is over.

—A DISPATCH from Rome says it is stated in the clerical circles that the rupture of relations between Belgium and the Vatican may possibly lead to the resignation of Cardinal Nina as Secretary of State to



STAIRCASE LEADING TO THE DORMITORY.



THE SOLDIERS' HOME BUILDING.



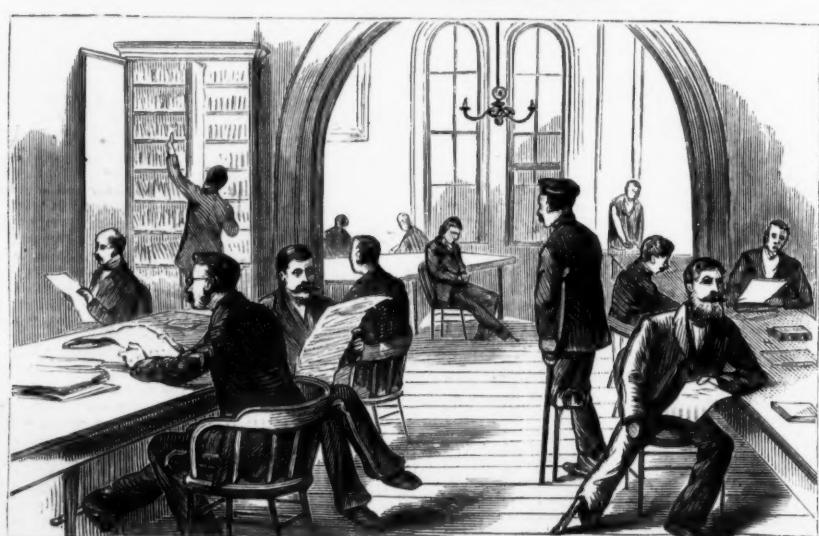
VIEW OF THE PARK.



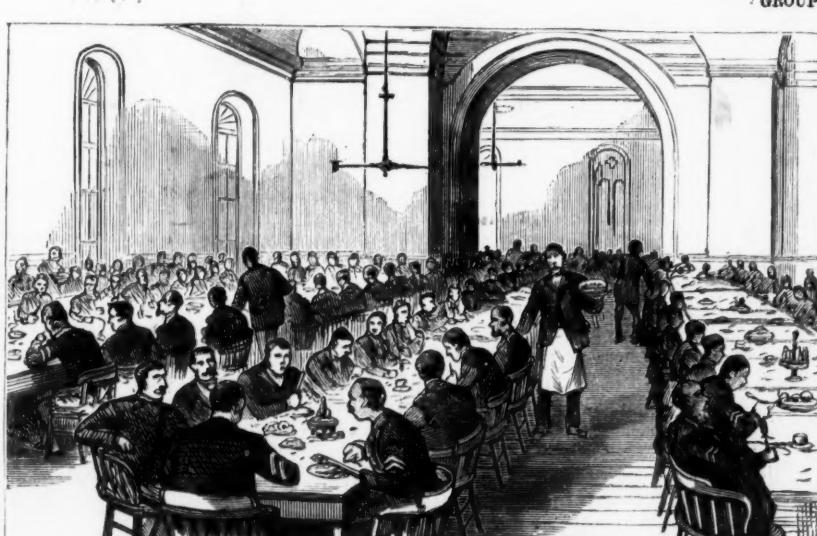
THE "HOME" HOSPITAL.



GROUP OF DISABLED SOLDIERS LOUNGING.



THE READING-ROOM.



THE DINING-ROOM.

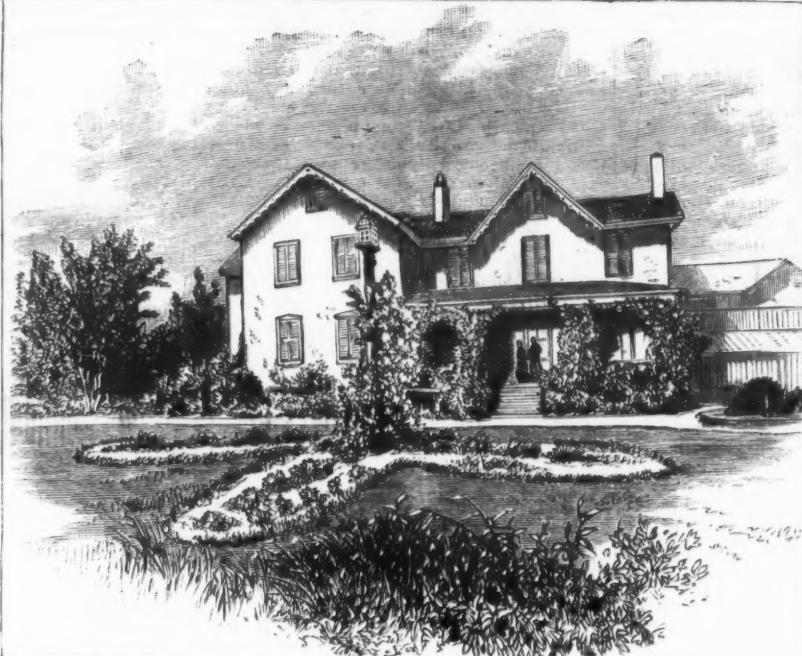


THE D. C. CALL.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—THE NATIONAL SOLDIERS' HOME, AND SUMMER RESIDENCE OF THE PRESIDENT.



VIEW OF THE PARK.



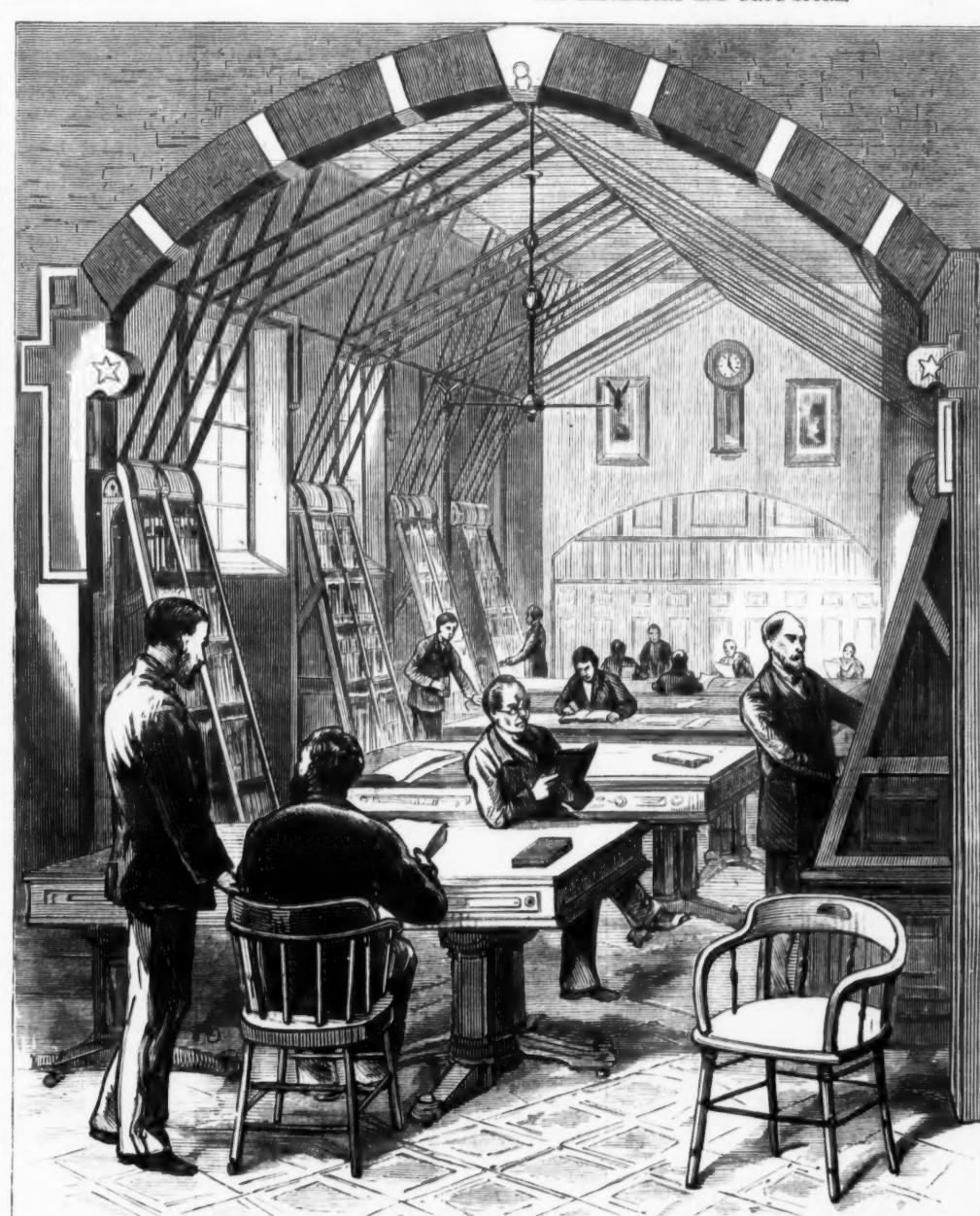
THE PRESIDENT'S SUMMER DWELLING.



THE LABORATORY AND DRUG-STORE.



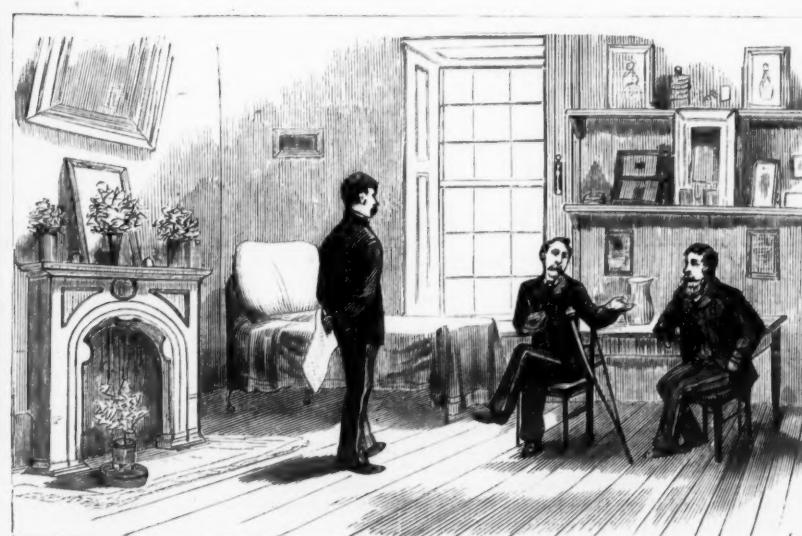
RELAXED SOLDIERS LOUNGING IN THE PARK.



THE SOLDIERS' LIBRARY.



THE DUCHESS OF CAVAN.



IN A SOLDIER'S ROOM.



THE WASHROOM.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

AT WASHINGTON.—FROM SKETCHES BY MISS GEORGIE DAVIS.—SEE PAGE 351.

IN ABSENCE.

A WAY from thee, sweetheart, away from thee!
The hours wing slowly down the slope of
day.
The sunlight lingers on the restless sea,
And time makes lazy stay.

The tyrant that once sped so fiercely by,
Hurrying the sun towards the flaming west,
Now lies supine along the purple sky,
In listless, dreamy rest.

But slow or fast, sweetheart, the fleeting hours
Bear one bright legend on their ceaseless flow,
The story of a love, whose kindly powers
And sacredness we know.

No year can dim the glory of its strength,
No century can fold its joy from sight;
Born in earth's darkness, it will reach at length
God's everlasting light.

Parted to-day, the meeting-time will come,
And so I win my gladness, dear, from this—
Each throb of time brings me more near to home,
And nearer to thy kiss!

THOMAS S. COLLIER.

THE SCHAFFUSKIE LANDS.

BY ANNIE DUFFELL,

AUTHOR OF "IN THE MASHES," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.—(CONTINUED).

A PERFECT madness of jealousy and agony seizes Toboskie. It is with the utmost effort that he restrains himself from taking her in his arms, and giving vent to this fierce wrath that has suddenly fastened upon him for this righteous man—from crying, "Your religion shall not touch her, she is mine—mine for all eternity!"

From henceforth he will be jealous of all things; he is even jealous now of the purity and religion with which this man would enwrap her, as in a mantle. And it is a peculiar love this that has fastened upon him—a love that would bend her proud spirit to the haughty supremacy of his will—that would make her know no law save in him! Even this affection, grand and entire, but for this, is subservient to his thirst for victory, his lust for power. Yet even while he craves it and looks in the steady, glorious eyes, something in his soul whispers that never in all the years of his life will this hungry desire for dominion over her be satiated.

He knows well the haughty supremacy of her will—the quiet, but unalterable firmness of her nature. In her soul there is no plastic clay ready for the potter's hand, but granite, hard and immovable as his own, and with which he may forever contend but never triumph over. A gloomy conviction is upon him that for them the future holds but little happiness, that their natures are too closely alike, too haughty, dominant and unbending. And he knows that this will be a strife, a flaming sword, between them for ever.

Still, despite this thirst for dominion, his whole life and soul are merged in this one fierce passion she has enkindled—a passion that could taste shame, poverty and death for her, but never lessen. He would give her his life; his honor, which he prizes more; his happiness; but he must struggle through seas of trouble that will bend and shatter his pride and smite his haughty manhood to the dust ere he can acknowledge the superiority of her matchless womanhood. As surely as these three stand now together the day will come when he shall yield to her the palm of the conqueror—when he shall kneel at her feet the conquered, and acknowledge his error—yet, God pity them! At what a price must her victory be gained!

"The hour is growing late," he says, and his voice is a trifle harsh. "We will not further trespass upon your hospitality. Miss Ashurst, are you ready?"

"Not ready," replies Maize, smiling at the abbot; "but if we are trespassing we have staid too long already."

"Daughter, you are most welcome." The monk's voice is grave and sincere. "No friend of Lord Toboskie's could intrude at St. Michael's. My son," turning genially to the Russian noble, "if it be agreeable, I should be pleased to show your friend over the monastery."

The kind words, the delicate compliment, the intrinsic value of this man for the first time are unappreciated by Toboskie. Under the fires of his fierce passion that is jealous even of this simple religion his entire nature has become changed. A savage resentment fills his breast for both his companions, and with all his proud breeding and haughty composure he cannot prevent his voice from being cold and a trifle dictatorial.

"You are kind, father, but we will go. The hour is growing late."

Miss Ashurst's quick ear catches that commanding inflection in her companion's tones, and her sudden humility vanishes, her pride rises in alarm. A haughty, amazed light creeps into those glorious eyes that flash beneath the crown of her golden hair. It is the first time that any one has presumed to dictate to her, and in that glance that calmly meets his hot and angry eyes he reads rebellion, defiance and a proud challenge. It is the spirit of old—that spirit that defied him long years ago when she was so small that he could almost have crushed her in his powerful hands, and now, as then, it rouses a savage wrath in him.

"Surely Lord Toboskie is not such a victim to propriety that he fears to remain in my society an hour after sunset?"

Her voice is low and even in its wondrous melody; her great eyes are filled with scorn and defiance, yet also with a sweet, sunny, mocking laughter that maddens him.

"I think it better to go," he says, coldly, and standing hat in hand.

As a natural consequence this perverse young lady is seized with a more violent desire to remain. She turns to the monk with her sweetest, sunniest smile:

"I could not think of missing such an opportunity as this. Many thanks for your kindness, father. I shall be delighted to accept it. Will you accompany us, my lord?"

One glance, like sheet lightning, shoots from the piercing eyes of Toboskie, but he gives no further token of his rage. With a courteous bow he seats himself upon the stone bench, and Maize, looking at him with that laughing, exasperating devil in her eyes, sees no change in his appearance save a slightly ashen hue that suffuses his haughty face that looks out in gray stone.

"Thank you, madame. But with your permission I will await you here."

She makes him a low, sweeping bow that holds all the studied art of the English capital, all the undulating, sensuous grace of her Greek nature; and, turning with a smile to the abbot, whose position is not altogether an enviable one, she accompanies him out of the gray stone.

Toboskie is alone with his thoughts, his bitter rage and fatal, undying love. This is the first dispute between them, but it arouses the old strife, it defines their position, it shows him that the hostility of old is to mark their future intercourse. A dreary pain is upon him. Despite his anger he suffers as in all the years of his life he has never before suffered, and he wonders what freak of God or nature has made her so antagonistic to him, yet so dear, so wildly precious! When she finally condescends to return, he is haughty and unyielding; she, sunny, mocking, indifferent. And in this mood they bid adieu to the abbot, who stands at the door and watches them as they walk slowly, and some distance apart, down the hill. Before entirely disappearing, Maize turns and looks back at the monastery upon the hill. She can just discern the massive figure of the abbot as he stands motionless as a statue in the doorway, his black-draped frame outlined against the dim light of the hall. She stands for a moment as though fascinated, then the large and handsome head bends in a final, stately farewell, and the Abbot of St. Michael's has disappeared.

As he draws the bolts and locks the door for the night, a shadow rests upon his brow. He is more than interested in this proud scion of Russian nobility, whose royal bounty has been limitless with this religious community; he is strongly attached to him, and knowing the haughty, swift, dominant nature of the men of his race, looking ahead in the future he foresees a tragedy that no mortal hand can avert.

That night he says an extra prayer—a prayer for the man and the woman just gone.

CHAPTER XVIII.—TOBOSKIE IS SUSPICIOUS.

LAGORS and Toboskie sit in the private apartment of the former six months after the arrival of Lord Ashurst and his family.

"Are you going out?" inquired the latter, as his host begins preparations for dressing.

"I am invited to Lord Ashurst's. Her ladyship is alone this evening, and I am designated by her husband to entertain her." Count Lagors speaks carelessly, but Toboskie regards him sharply. Engrossed as he has been with the history of his own life—with its pain, and hope, and despair—he has had but little time to attend to his friend. But now, looking at him in this keen, sudden scrutiny, he sees how thin and haggard he has grown in the months that are gone. His eyes at times are wild, and always filled with that lurid flame, their peculiar characteristic. He looks like a man haunted, lost—beyond all redemption.

"Nicholas," says Toboskie, and his voice is very gentle—"Nicholas, something has gone wrong. Will you not confide in me?"

Count Lagors starts convulsively, and a spasm of actual fear crosses his face.

"Nonsense!" he exclaims in the next moment, with a laugh that one would be mad not to see is forced. "Don't look so sentimental. Confide in you? Certainly, my dear fellow. I tell you confidentially—my liver is out of order."

That chill, haughty shadow falls over the proud face of the Minister. The Russian statesman is not a man to offer his friendship and sympathy where it is undesired or unappreciated. He rises deliberately and carelessly takes out his watch. The acquaintance between these two men has been too long for Lagors not to see and understand that cold, steady light in his friend's eyes. And of a sudden that forced composure, that feigned carelessness, deserts him. He stands shivering as with cold; his eyes, wild and wretched, staring beseachingly at his companion. Toboskie would be worse than a brute to maintain his anger in the face of such woe as this. He is melted at the sight of it—he, the icy statesman, naturally implacable and relentless as fate.

"My God!" he says, and his voice vibrates with horror—"my God! what is the matter?"

For all answer Lagors, with a deep groan, sinks in a chair and covers his face with his hands, while his slender frame shakes with dry, suffocating sobs. Toboskie is appalled. Never before has he witnessed such agony as this, and, through sheer sympathy, the perspiration starts out upon his brow. But he sees the necessity of composing his agitated companion. He approaches him and lays his hand firmly upon his shoulder.

"Lagors, you must control yourself; this is folly, madness!"

Lagors lifts his haggard, sunken face; his eyes are dry and burning luridly, his breast heaves with voiceless sobs. In the words of Valentine Gabaudie, he gives vent to his agony:

"Mad! My God, I wish I were mad!"

Toboskie looks troubled and uncertain.

Then a peculiar resolution fastens upon his countenance and banishes his indecision.

"It is useless," he says, in that steady, strengthening voice of his that has more influence with his emperor than any other earthly thing. "It is useless for me to say that I sympathize with you; it is also as useless for me to deny that I have seen there is mystery abroad somewhere. I am under the impression that we are all surrounded by a network of evil or intrigue; your manner shows me that it is drawn very tightly, indeed, around you. Perhaps I can aid you in some way; if possible, I will, provided you have confidence enough in me to give an entire explanation of your case."

Lagors lifts his haggard, weary eyes; in their depths is a shrinking pain and fear.

"What has roused your suspicions?" he says, lowly.

Toboskie looks at him steadily.

"Do you wish me to tell?"

"Yes?" the voice now is almost inaudible. Toboskie seats himself in front of his host.

"Very well," he says, calmly, "since it is your desire I will proceed, but this will take me back to a past period. In the first place, years ago I met two women in England. I am naturally cynical and suspicious, having but little faith in any one. It is my unfortunate characteristic, but never in all my life have I ever doubted any human being—and I have been thrown with all classes—as I doubted, and still doubt, those two women. Shall I tell you who they were?"

The great, staring, sunken eyes of the wretched auditor are fastened upon the speaker, and in them he reads assent.

"They were Jack Ashurst's wife and Valentine Gabaudie."

At those names a vast, dry choking sob breaks heavily in Lagors's throat, and his long, slim fingers spasmodically clutch the arms of his chair.

"As I say, I doubted them, and still doubt them. Understand, however, I do not suspect Lord Ashurst or his daughter; I believe if ever mortal man and woman were held unconscious in a network of machinations, were bound in a nest of moral vampires, were fed upon by human ghouls, it is this man and woman. They are victims of a terrible deception or conspiracy, and God knows how my heart goes out in sympathy to them. Years ago I had Lady Ashurst's history from her own lips; but before that, that great conviction of her falsity had settled upon me, and I knew that she lied to me. She told me that this Valentine was an old and valued relative, she lied. She told me that Maize was found in Greece, the impoverished and desolate child of decayed nobility; it was false. It is a hard and a bold thing to say of a woman like Lady Ashurst, and you may call me harsh, but I would stake my soul upon it, that Claire Ashurst, with her angelic beauty, is one mass of vile deception, one foul and hideous lie. Yet I pity her, for she is expiating her sin in a bondage bitter than death—she is under the control of Valentine Gabaudie, who is a woman unknown to kindness or mercy. Of course, I am liable to be mistaken, but I have summed them up, and I believe it is right."

"But how do you connect these people with me?" murmurs Lagors.

"I don't connect them with you; I am merely stating facts. But I will tell what has aroused my suspicions. In the first place, Lagors, you are a changed man; in the last six months you have aged more than in all the years of your life put together. In the second, I know you are, or have been, connected in some way with the estate to which Jack Ashurst has succeeded in establishing his title. But where does this land come from? Not from the Ashurst side of the house; if so, the very name would establish it and make everything clear and right. England's proud peers and truest patriots were Ashursts. Jack Ashurst, with all his past extravagance and dissipation, is above suspicion. But these Schaffuskie Lands emanate, it appears, from the other side of the family, where, I believe, a shadow and mystery lingers. This property is said to have been bequeathed to Maize. It is a lie! It belongs to one of those two women, and through some unknown fear, some dread of the past, they have not dared to acknowledge their title, but have thrown the responsibility upon Maize, which will lull some suspicion that they fear. And I believe that it is in these lands that the mystery lies. And, as I have once before said, I believe that you are, or have been, connected in some way with the Schaffuskie estate. But I think that if you have ever in any way been allied with these women, Lady Ashurst is at present unconscious of it; in other words, she does not recognize you. In one sense, Claire Ashurst is as much a victim as her husband and adopted daughter. It is that woman, that spirit of evil, Valentine Gabaudie, who is the controlling element in this unfortunate family, and who will bring them, for some hidden purpose of her own, to wreck and ruin! And now, last of all, my friend, I will give you my final reason. One night, a few weeks ago, I was restless, and could not remain at home. Although it was late then, well on to twelve o'clock, I decided to call on you, knowing that you seldom retire before the early hours of the morning. I came alone, without servant or carriage, and just as I was about to ascend your steps the hall-door opened, and a woman stepped out. The light of the street-lamp fell straight upon her, and revealed the face of Valentine Gabaudie—but it was not the countenance of a mistress returning from midnight revels with her lover, but the face of a devil incarnate, stamped with hatred and vengeance."

He pauses, and there is an intense silence in the chamber while the two men gaze steadily at one another. Then the ashen lips of Count Lagors move, and he speaks feebly.

"To-morrow, or soon," he says, and he

struggles hard for breath, "I will tell you all. I am too weak to explain to-night."

With closed eyes, he lies back in his chair, and Toboskie sees that a shadow like that of death hovers over his sunken features.

"You are too ill to go out to-night," he says.

"I shall not leave my room before to-morrow," is the weary reply.

Then a transformation is wrought. He leaps to his feet and commences pacing the floor. His eyes burn with a passionate, angry fire, and a hectic flush stamps his cheek, and, as he speaks, he flings his hands around with the wildness of a maniac.

"Oh, that fiend incarnate!" he cries, while his eyes deepen in a murderous rage and his voice is low with concentrated passion. "Oh, that she-devil! My God, give me the chance of dealing with her as I would like! Toboskie, I could see Valentine Gabaudie strung to the rack and never pity her! I could see her burnt at the stake and not raise a finger to save her. But, have mercy on me! I love the other one—I love Claire, that sweet, dazzling, maddening woman that Jack Ashurst claims for his own. Oh, if I had not been mad, if I had not been a fool in those other days. Oh, Claire, Claire!" he stops, and down his sunken cheeks roll a flood of tears, evidence of a strong man's incommutable woe. His long, thin fingers are locked tightly before him; his eyes, staring and horror-filled, are fixed upon vacancy; his slim figure shivers as with mortal cold. He is a wreck soul and body, but whatever of sin his past may hold, he has atoned for it in this hour.

"You must compose yourself, Nicholas," says Toboskie, who really fears for his friend's reason. "Nothing can be gained by this. I will leave you, for I believe you will do better alone."

Count Lagors turns to his friend and upon his shoulder lays his hand that shivers like a leaf.

"I must warn you," he says, hoarsely, "against that woman. In Valentine you have a bitter and implacable enemy—a woman who will soon or late be revenged upon all she hates."

"I know it," says Toboskie, calmly, though a hand of ice seizes his vitals.

"And if ever she can do you an injury she will do it."

"I know that, too."

"How have you gained her enmity?"

"It was long ago in England. You must know that she is the possessor of a remarkable power, the gift of magnetism."

"Know it!" cries Lagors, excitedly. "My God, I should think I knew it!"

"Well, that power was utterly useless with me, for the simple reason that my will was stronger than hers. She attempted to influence me once, years ago in England, but failed. From that moment she has been my enemy. And now she has me in her power."

"How?"

"She can injure me, kill me, through Maize." Toboskie's voice is low and husky, showing how mighty is the love wherewith he loves this girl.

And over Count Lagors's countenance falls a whiteness and a horror appalling to witness. He lifts his ghastly, stricken face, and Toboskie shudders and shades his eyes with his hands. He essays to speak, but his tongue seems paralyzed, himself turned to marble; he only stares at Toboskie in that blind, stricken, terrified way that would move a heart of stone.

"For heaven's sake, what is the matter now?" cries Toboskie, who is also pale to the lips.

But Count Lagors takes no notice of the question. His eyes are fastened upon his companion in that dumb and appalling horror. His lips move, and finally, in a halting, feeble way, shape the words:

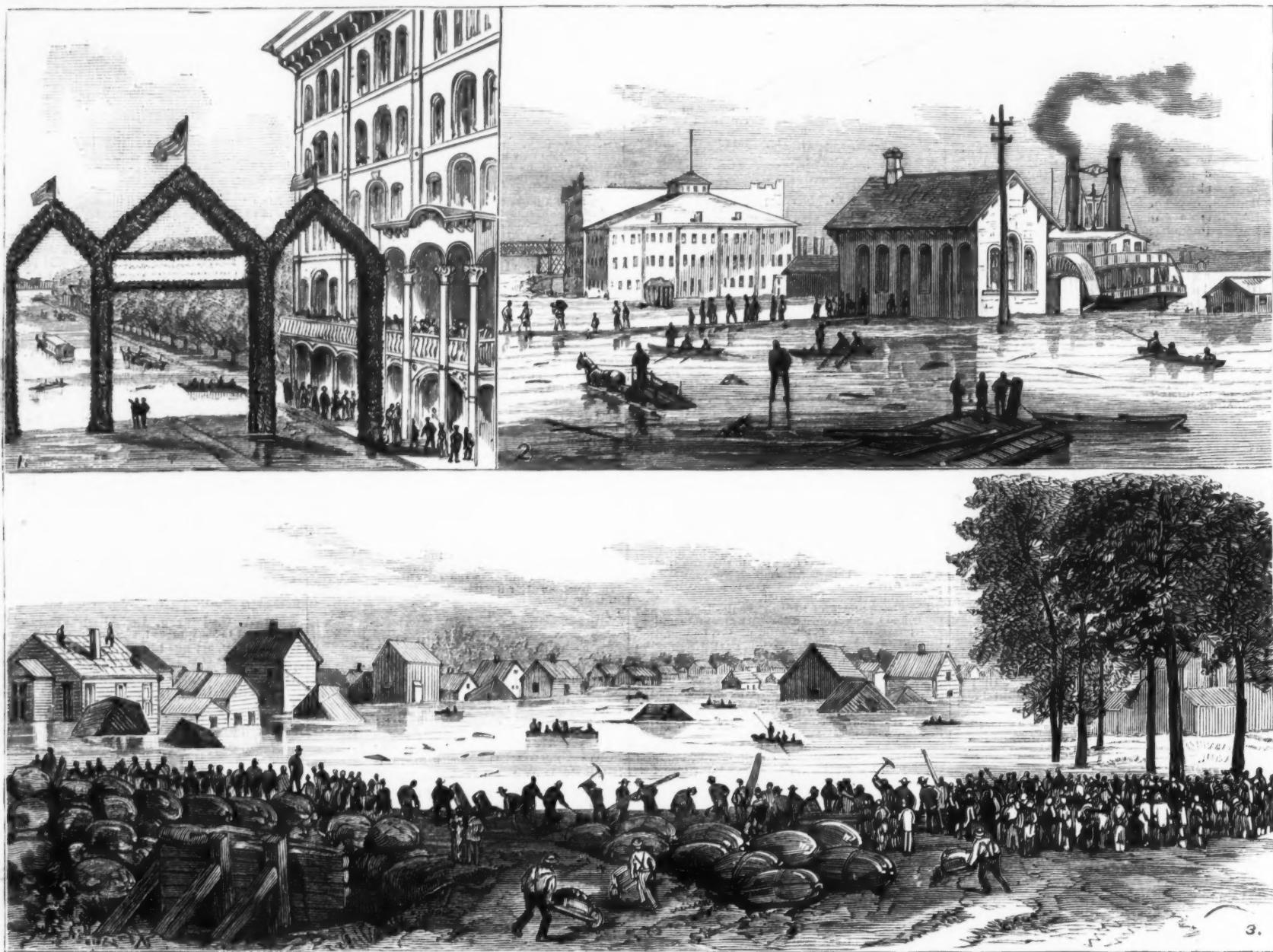
"And you love the girl?"

"I do!"

"God have mercy on us!" It is all he says, but Toboskie again shudders at the depth of agony the exclamation holds, as he obeys Lagors's motion and leaves the room.

CHAPTER XIX.—ANOTHER CONTEST.

"JACK, dear, old father, Jack!" the lusty shout, denoting a bronchial organization in the highest state of soundness, floats down the street on the crisp, frosty air, something like a clear, sharp clash of silver bells. It is Maize; she stands under the arched doorway of the gray old castle where they live—a sight, upon the early Russian morning, that would do a soul good. Never was her rich, royal beauty more apparent.

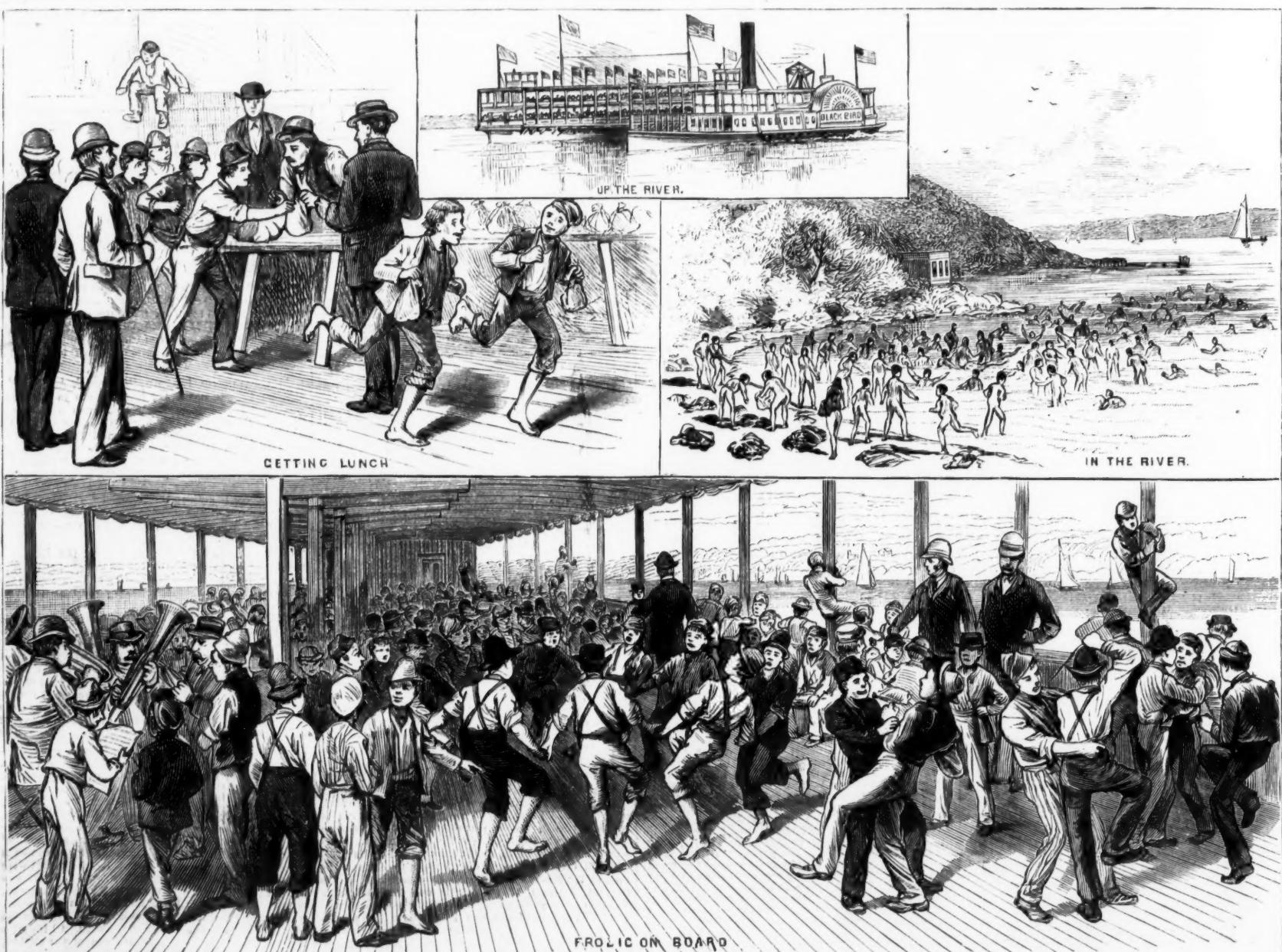


1. View of the Public Square, Rock Island.

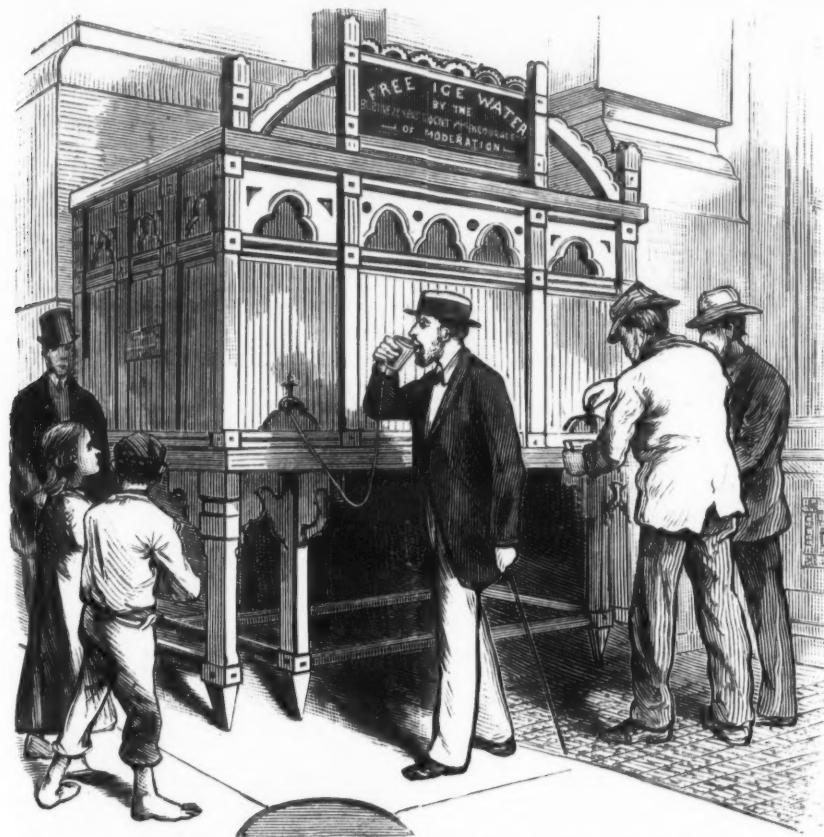
2. Ferry Landing and Depot, Davenport.

3. The Flood at Ninth Street, Rock Island.

IOWA - ILLINOIS.— INCIDENTS OF THE RECENT FLOOD.— FROM SKETCHES BY H. LAMBACH.— SEE PAGE 355.



NEW YORK CITY.— ANNUAL EXCURSION OF THE NEWSBOYS TO ALPINE GROVE, JULY 1ST.— SEE PAGE 355.



NEW YORK CITY.—ICE FOUNTAIN SET UP IN THE POST-OFFICE BY THE MODERATION SOCIETY.

A PUBLIC ICE FOUNTAIN.

THE Business Men's Society for the Encouragement of Moderation have established a fresh claim to public appreciation by setting up an ice fountain in an embrasure of the City Post-office on the Park Row side. The fountain measures five feet in length, three feet in width and nearly three feet in depth. It holds four barrels, and has four silver-plated filter-furnished faucets. It is in light wood, ornamented with red. The fountain is constantly surrounded by thirsty drinkers. It is to be hoped that some hundreds of similar fountains may be speedily erected throughout the city.

A NAPOLEONIC VETERAN.

VERY few soldiers of the Napoleonic wars now survive. Of these few there is one, at least, in St. Louis, Mo., Christian Bechtold, who was born in the circuit of Alsfeldt, in the village of Romrad, Grand Duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt. On the 1st of

The above named never received a regimental punishment, and engaged in the campaigns of 1813, 1814 and 1815.

The Battalion Commander.
{ Battalion Seal. } LYNKER, Major.
{ Regimental Seal. } V. BOUCHENROEDER, Colonel.

It was only during the first eighteen months of his service that Bechtold's regiment formed a part of the Emperor's army. It was attached to Marshal Ney's corps, which accompanied Napoleon at all times, so that Bechtold saw him nearly every day. He says, whenever Napoleon moved among the troops, they made the air ring with the cry of *Vive l'Empereur*, but that Napoleon, even in the midst of the wildest enthusiasm produced by his presence, always kept his face steadily to the front, and appeared to know no more notice of his shouting soldiery than if they had been so many croaking frogs.

Bechtold participated in the following memorable battles under Napoleon: Lutzen, in Saxony, May 2d, 1813; Bautzen, in Saxony, May 22d, 1813; Dresden, August 27th, 1813; and Leipzig, on the 16th, 17th and 18th of October, 1813.

On the 1st of January, 1814, his regiment was joined to the army of the Allies operating against Napoleon, and in one of the battles of "The hundred days" Bechtold distinguished himself as to receive the silver medal for bravery from Francis, Emperor of Austria. Of this medal Bechtold is even more proud than of the honorable mention made of him in his discharge. It is of pure silver, about two inches in dia-



MISSOURI.—CHRISTIAN BECHTOLD, A NAPOLEONIC VETERAN OF ST. LOUIS.—FROM A PHOTO. BY CRAMER, GROSS & CO.

June, 1812, he entered the army of the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, who was then an ally of Napoleon Bonaparte. Bechtold belonged to the Second Guard Regiment, in which he served until 1821. His discharge, dated nearly sixty years ago, is written in German, and the following is a translation:

DISCHARGE.

His Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Hessen, etc., commissioned colonel and commander of the Second Guard Regiment, attests and acknowledges herewith: The Guardist, Christian Bechtold, born at Romrad, twenty-seven years of age, five feet six inches and one line high (about five feet eleven inches, English measure), blonde hair and gray eyes, who has served, as becomes an honorable soldier, eight years and nine months in the company of Captain Wachter, of the Second Battalion, Second Guard Regiment, and having applied for his discharge, which, by reason of the expiration of his term of service, cannot be refused him, therefore, I hereby grant him his discharge, and request all military and civil persons to whom these presents shall come to allow said discharged Christian Bechtold, who is of the Lutheran religion, and by occupation a linen-weaver, to pass everywhere safe and unmolested, and grant him all necessary advances. This done at the Garrison of Darmstadt, on the 19th day of March, 1821, under mine and the battalion commander's own signatures, and affixing of the regimental and battalion seals.

meter, showing on one side the likeness of Francis of Austria, surrounded by his name and title. On the reverse side is a wreath of bays, supported on stands of colors encircling the legend, "Der Tapperkeit" (for bravery). The medal is attached to a silk ribbon showing the Austrian colors.

In 1840 Bechtold went to St. Louis and bought a few acres of ground in the brush, at the present junction of Meramec Street and Grand Avenue.

The expense was only a penny a mile. She uses Welsh coal, but her furnaces are made to use American anthracite. Mr. Perkins, the inventor of the system, is an American. The advantages claimed for the invention are: A consumption of coal at less than half that now used, giving greatly increased carrying capacity as well as a corresponding lessening of expense; absolute safety from explosion; disuse of lubricants; great reduction in weight and space of boilers and machinery. The officers and



NEW YORK CITY.—DR. TANNER AS HE APPEARED IN THE SECOND WEEK OF HIS ATTEMPTED FAST OF FORTY DAYS.—SEE PAGE 355.

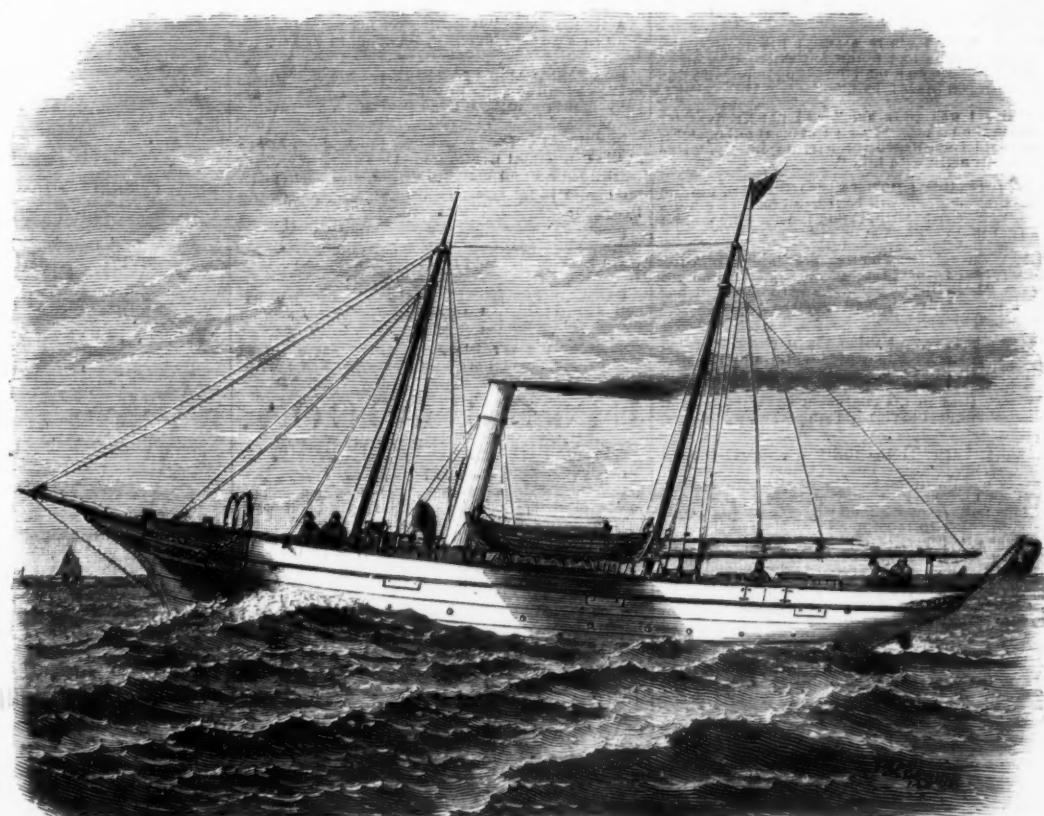
He is always in the best of health, and, notwithstanding his eighty-six years, walks around with the sprightliness of a boy. His memory is accurate and his mind clear.

A NOVEL OCEAN CRAFT.

A NOVEL craft, the English steam-yacht *Anthracite*, arrived at this port on July 3d, having left the Lizard, June 2d, arrived at St. Johns, N. F., on the 20th, and left for New York on the 24th. The *Anthracite*, while of the ordinary type of the English steam yacht, differs in the motive power which, it is expected, will make a revolution in the steam traffic of the world. In crossing the Atlantic, she consumed about a ton of coal a day, at a pressure of 350 to 400 pounds, with an average rate of speed of eight knots. Only twenty-one tons of coal were in her bunkers, of which one was for the cook's use.

engineers claim that the success of the system was fully demonstrated on the voyage. The *Anthracite* has a patent tubular boiler and compound high-pressure engines of peculiar type. She has two high-pressure cylinders, one fifteen, the other sixteen inches, the steam expanding from one to the other, virtually forming one cylinder on one crank, with a low-pressure cylinder on another crank. With a pressure of 500 pounds, this admits of nearly forty expansions at the termination of the stroke in the third cylinder. The small amount of water converted into steam is again condensed and re-used, and, if joints and valves were perfect, would last the whole voyage. Fresh water from England still remained on board on the arrival of the vessel here. The boiler occupies a very small space, as, in fact, do the engines and machinery.

The *Anthracite* is 82 feet long between perpendiculars, 16 feet beam, 10 feet 4 inches depth of hold, with a tonnage of 72 tons, gross, 27 tons builder's measurement, English. She is built of iron, painted



NEW YORK CITY.—THE ENGLISH YACHT "ANTHRACTITE," THE SMALLEST STEAM VESSEL THAT HAS CROSSED THE OCEAN.

white, with one funnel, also painted white; flush deck, except companionway and hatch over engine-room. She has commodious accommodations below, with plenty of head room. *Captain*, E. G. Dent; *Mate*, George Deany; *Chief Engineer*, J. McNamee; *Second Engineer*, D. Cunningham, and eight men compose the crew. She belongs to Mr. Richard Power, of Frank Hall, Farmington, Kent, a wealthy Englishman, who lent her to Mr. Perkins for the experiment. Everything is as perfect as when she started, and she will shortly make a trip with prominent American engineers and steamship builders to demonstrate the success of Mr. Perkins's principle.

Club Life in England and France.

THE modern London club life is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable, and one of the most distinctively English characteristics, of modern English social life. The club is an institution indigenous to the soil, and one which it seems to be impossible to transplant into other countries without losing the greater part, if not all, of its best features. In Paris, for instance, we hear of the Jockey Club, L'Union, Le Cercle Agricole, Le Petit Cercle and others less famous, and those who know nothing whatever about them may fancy that they have a good deal in common with the London palaces in Pall Mall and St. James's Street. As a matter of fact, they resemble their English prototype in little more than in name. As far as ninety-nine out of every hundred of their members are concerned, they are little more than gambling establishments. They are almost unentered by day, and are chiefly frequented by their *habitues* in the small hours between midnight and six o'clock in the morning. A steady married man in Paris rarely belongs to a club at all, and no bachelor, however wild, would dream of making a home of his *circle*, as men do in London. A Paris club is a midnight lounge for aristocratic gamblers; while a London club is the daily resort of every Londoner who is in any kind of society, and the constant meeting-place of country gentlemen—a rendezvous for old friends and new acquaintances. A Frenchman very seldom even takes his meals at his club, and he would as soon think of doing any serious work in the club room as in the *foyer* of the Folies Bergère. The libraries of the Athénéeum and Carlton, for instance, would be as much out of place in a Paris club as married bishops and judges with salaries at \$35,000 a year. And we are not aware that in any country in Europe there is a club system more nearly resembling the English than that which is accepted in Paris.

Mr. Gladstone's Financial Policy.

MR. GLADSTONE's recent speech on the financial policy of the new Government is regarded, even by so hostile a critic as the *Saturday Review*, as a masterly statement—a great intellectual treat, which no other statesman could have offered to Parliament. "Novelties assumed the air of indisputable truths, and complicated figures were woven into the thread of an easy and intelligible narrative, in a manner new to this generation, and reminding the older members of the House of the days when Mr. Gladstone first soared above the level of ordinary financiers. In two hours Mr. Gladstone rearranged the wine duties, abolished the malt tax, put a heavy penalty on the publicans, and added a penny to the income tax." In the course of the speech he referred to the fact that in 1833 he had listened to an address in the House on the malt tax. That was forty-seven years ago. At the close of the two hours which his speech occupied in delivery the aged Premier resumed his seat, apparently as fresh as when he rose. He is always in his place, ready, alert and sufficient for any emergency. He is on hand at four o'clock, when the Speaker takes the chair, and he was there at three o'clock the other morning discussing the constitution of the Water Committee with inquiring members. Occasionally he permits himself the luxury of a dinner party at home, but otherwise is content with a hurried meal, often taken in the members' dining room. It is one of the unwritten rules of the House that the leader shall never appear in evening dress. While in opposition, Mr. Gladstone dined out a good deal, and was accustomed to turn up late at night, in regulation dinner dress—oftener than not with his white necktie all awry. These joys are now past, and he has settled down to his work.

FUN.

PROFESSOR: "What are the constituents of quartz?" Student: "Plints." A bland smile creeps over the class.

GROWING UNCERTAINTY.—Squire: "Fine weather like this, farmer, will raise things nicely." Farmer: "Ees, squire, but I hope so as it won't raise the rents again."

A YOUNGSTER joyfully assured his mother the other day that he had found out where they made horses; he had seen a man finishing one—"He was just nailing on his last foot."

"WHEN I was your age," said old Mr. Tret, "I rose with the lark." "I beat you clear out of sight, then," said Tom, wearily and triumphantly, "I've been up all night with him."

AUNTY (reading): "There is so little room in the House that members will have to sit on each other's knees." Aphie: "Oh, crikey! Won't the women try to get into Parliament now!"

A FRENCH actress, who was graduated from the laundry, asked an old manager what he thought was her "best line of business." Glancing at her sumptuous wardrobe, he replied: "The clothes line still, mademoiselle."

"WHAT is the worst thing about riches?" asked the Sunday-school superintendent. And the new boy in the bad class under the gallery, who only came in last Sunday, stood up and said: "Their scarcity." And in his confusion the superintendent told the school to rise and sing "Don't be weary, children."

A SACRAMENTO girl was guilty of a mean trick the other day, the relation of which will cause the blood of every mother in the land to curdle with horror. She eloped with her objectionable lover the same day her mother was enameled, and as the latter was compelled to remain shut up three days or else crack all over, the couple managed to get away without pursuit.

SERVANT: "Are ye going to be at home this evening?" Mistress (looking at her with a dignified expression): "No, I shall not be at home this evening." Servant: "Oh! it is too bad. I wanted to go to a concert this evening." Mistress: "But, Bridget, you have your regular evening out." Servant: "Well, I think you might let me have this evening out, this is the first time I have asked you to stay at home for me."

A SCULPTOR's wife had her husband arrested in Cincinnati the other day for assault and battery, because, as she testified, on the occasion of her going to his studio to inform him that the woman across the way had eloped, he struck her in the face with a huge mass of mud. The sculptor explained that the occasion referred to was the first time for years he had seen a pleasant look on his wife's face, and therefore he hastened to take a clay cast of her features, so as to catch the expression for use on a bust he intended to model. The court dismissed the case.

EARLY STAGES OF CONSUMPTION.

It taken in their earlier stages, the progress of pulmonary affections can almost always be arrested by the use of "COMPOUND OXYGEN," which gives a higher degree of vitality and enables Nature to contend successfully with disease. Our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," in which numerous cases of relief and cure are cited, is sent free. Address, DRs. STARKEY & PALEN, 113 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

"ONE of the bores at card-playing," says "Cavendish," "the great whilst authority," "is the 'If you had' partner, who constantly greets you with 'If you had only done so-and-so, we should have made so-and-so.' My favorite retort to him is to ask if he has ever heard the story of 'your uncle and your aunt.' If he has, he does not want to hear it again, and is silent. If he has not, and innocently falls into the trap by expressing a desire to hear it, I say, in a solemn voice, 'If your aunt had been a man, she would have been your uncle.'

HE STILL LIVES.

SOME years ago Dr. R. V. Pierce, of the World's Dispensary and Invalids' Hotel, of Buffalo, N. Y., and London, was sent for to examine a terrible disease of the knee-joint, resulting in ulceration and extensive sloughing of the bone and tissues. The man's life had been despaired of by the previous attendants. Amputation at the thigh was promptly decided upon and skillfully performed by Dr. Pierce; and as an after-treatment, to purify the blood and prevent a recurrence of the malady, the Doctor's Golden Medical Discovery was freely prescribed. The man's system was thoroughly purified and strengthened; he rapidly gained his health, the stump healing nicely; and he is to day a happy man. This case was among the first in which this wonderful blood-purifier was tested. It has since manifested its wonderful power over the worst scrofulous and other blood diseases. Taken for a time, it so purifies and strengthens the system as to strongly fortify it against the encroachments of diseases. Sold by druggists.

MIDDLEVILLE, Mich., Feb. 15th, 1872.

HON. R. V. PIERCE:
Dear Sir—I would say that I have sold your medicines for seven years. The Golden Medical Discovery is the best cough remedy I have ever used, and in every case where I have recommended it, it has cured. I have used it in my family for my children. It cures their colds and coughs in a day or two. My wife has used it several times when down sick. It invariably gives immediate relief. Its sale increases daily. J. B. KESTER, Druggist.

NEW YORK IN SUMMER.

TO MANY people who are not enforced residents of this city for the greater part of the year New York offers many attractions as a Summer resort. Not to speak of the cool sea-breeze it enjoys almost every Summer afternoon, nor of its parks and other attractions, it may be chosen as a central point from which to make many delightful excursions—up the Hudson, up the Sound, down the Bay, along the New Jersey shore, to the various Long Island Beaches, etc., etc. And in New York no more central house may be selected than the well-known ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL, in Broadway. The rooms, single and *en suite*, are comfortable and elegant. The house is famous, too, for its excellent cookery.—*Home Journal*.

MR. P. T. BARNUM, in a letter of the 9th inst., published elsewhere in this paper, announces his acceptance of the permanent general management of the business of the new BARNUM'S MUSEUM COMPANY, of this city, to which he will give his entire personal attention. The veteran showman, whose judgment in matters of this kind is rarely at fault, predicts a great success for the Company, and that its stock will soon command a handsome premium. The subscriptions to the capital stock, of which Mr. William H. Vanderbilt has taken a quarter of a million dollars, are coming in rapidly.

THE semi-annual statement of the TRAVELERS' INSURANCE COMPANY, published in this paper, as sums new and practical interest from the recent and numerous casualties to travelers on land and sea. A trifling investment in the Travelers' may make the difference to one's family and friends between comfort and penury; and when a protection against fate may be had so cheaply, to neglect it is inexcusable. The financial condition of the Travelers' is thoroughly sound, and its methods of business have proved for many years always satisfactory to its numerous patrons in all parts of the country.

THOUSANDS are now feeling the effects of this depressing weather, and experience a loss of appetite, loss of red blood, have become pale, and are very languid. We advise them to resort immediately to the great Blood Purifier, Blood Enricher, and Perfect Health Giver, DR. BROWNING'S TONIC AND ALTERRATIVE. Price 50 cents and \$1. For sale by its author and sole proprietor, W. Champion Browning, M.D., 1117 Arch Street, Philadelphia, and all Druggists.

A POOR MAN avoids calling on his neighbors for help in case of accident by insuring in THE TRAVELERS.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE produces most excellent results in the prostration and nervous derangement consequent upon sunstroke.

BURNETT'S COLOGNE received the highest award at the Centennial Exhibition. It is filled in elegant bottles—glass and cork stoppered, and basket covered—and is for sale by all first-class Grocers and Druggists.

PROOF of superiority. Sales immense through England and France of MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER. Sold by Druggists.

HALFORD TABLE SAUCE—a genuine relish, exactly suited to all tastes and all conditions of people.

STUTTERING cured by BATES'S APPLIANCES. Send for description to SIMPSON & CO., Box 2236, New York.

EPPS'S COCOA. GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame.—*Civil Service Gazette*.

Sold only in soldered tins, 1/2 and 1 lb., labeled:

JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, LONDON, ENGL.

CANDY Send one, two, three or five dollars for a retail sample box, etc., by express, of the best Candies in America, put up elegantly, and strictly pure. Refers to all Chicago. G. F. GUNTHEL, Confectioner, 78 Madison St., Chicago.

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In their best and purest form, contain every ingredient that is useful for the sustenance and growth of the human system, being composed, as determined by chemical analysis, of starch, gum, gluten, oil, and a white crystallizable substance called theobromine, similar to theine in tea, but containing more nitrogen and being an important adjunct to nutrition.

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33d Semi-Annual
STATEMENT
OF THE
TRAVELERS
INSURANCE CO.

Hartford, Conn., July 1, 1880.

PAID-UP CASH CAPITAL, \$600,000.

ASSETS.

Real Estate.	\$846,172.00
Cash on hand and in Bank.	253,912.58
Loans on Bond and Mortgage, Real Estate.	1,921,397.87
Interest on Loans, accrued but not due.	47,712.26
Loans on Collateral Security.	68,900.00
Deferred Life Premiums.	61,001.86
Premiums due and unreported on Life Policies.	31,998.94
United States Government Bonds.	280,150.00
State, County and Municipal Bonds.	366,411.00
Railroad Stocks and Bonds.	602,785.00
Bank Stocks.	663,234.00
Hartford City Gas Light Co. Stock.	19,200.00
Total Assets.	\$5,171,875.01

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, four per cent, Life Department.	\$3,321,535.58
Reserve for re-insurance, Accident Dep't.	310,391.82
Claims unadjusted and not due, and all other liabilities.	210,096.00
Total Liabilities.	\$3,842,023.40
Surplus as regards Policy-holders.	\$1,329,851.61

STATISTICS TO JULY 1, 1880.

Whole number Accident Policies written.	605,000
Whole number Accident Claims paid.	46,890
Total amount Accident Claims paid.	\$3,690,000
Total claims paid in Life Department.	\$1,525,000

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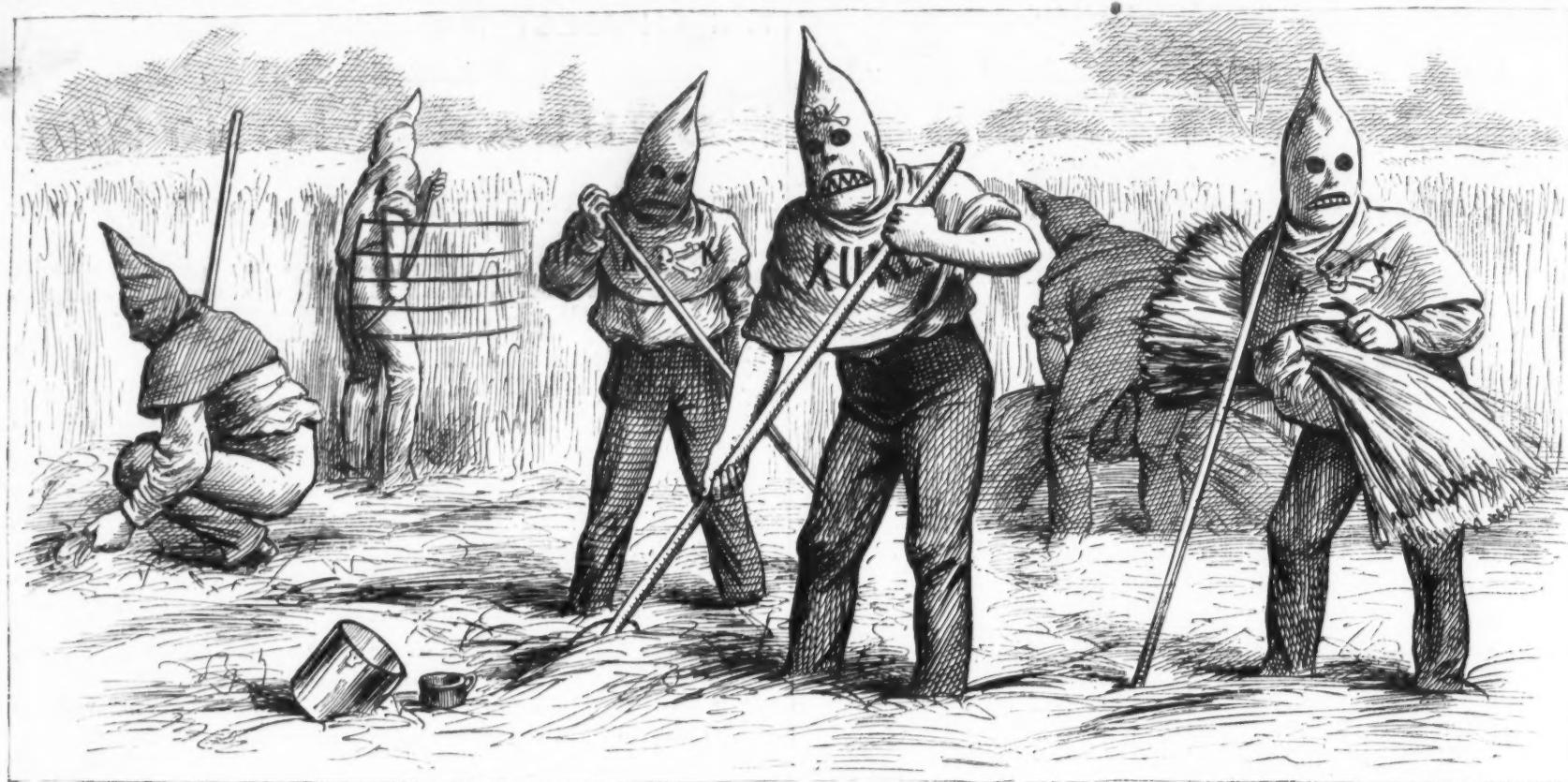
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